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MONEY AGAINST MONEY

A Play On High Finance

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Money Against Money

A Play on High Finance

SYNOPSIS.

Prolog. The grand ball. Advent of the modern Monte Christo: He makes good socially. "Monte Christo lived for self, Le Moyne lives for all." The multimillionairess; the hero's refusal of her fifty million dollar bond subscription in the world's trust. "What a general he must be to have massed his forces so quietly. That's just the way papa used to do." The faithful old nurse and her more ancient suitor: "Ach Gott, dem rheumatics!" The invocation: "Father come to me again and show me more of the future."

ACT I.

The biters bitten. Meeting of the directors of The Consolidated American Mining Association during a panic in Wall Street. "TO HELL WITH THE PEOPLE!" "You are a traitor to your country and to humanity!" The quarrel and separation of interests. Plotting. "The Czar of Russia wouldn't dare so much." "The Czar of Russia hasn't the money that I have." "Five cents fo' yo' honesty!" Secret service. "All's fair in love and war, and this is war!" Meeting of the retired Wall Street magnate and the manager of the world's trust. Business sagacity of the latter.

The arrest. Outmatched. "Damnation!"

ACT II.

The bungalow in Colorado. Unspoken love. (Song) "Cleansing Fire." Sacrifice of self on the altar of love for all. The call of the world. "How happy they are in each other's love, while I—worship—unsought."

ACT III.

Two years have elapsed. Parallel management of the world's trust and the president's veto to the funding bill bought through the house and senate have brought about a cataclysm in Wall Street. "Supplied by the water running out of stocks." "EXTRY! All about the mob war and financial revolution." The hero's life is sought by infuriated speculators.

"Good bye my boy, God bless and keep you."

ACT IV.

"Extry! All about the financial revolution and the mob war!" "Extry! All about the riot in the stock exchange!"

"And the stone that was cut out of the mountains without hands shall break in pieces and consume—absorb—all these—monopolies—and there shall stand forever a kingdom of brotherly love wherein the oath of allegiance shall be: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

The prayer for the loved one: "You have given me power to help others, Help, ME, now. Grant me this one, LITTLE, life." The power of Divine Love. The aunt and the bashful family physician. His tardy proposal. Congratulations.

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Cast of Characters, Costumes, Make-ups.

Five of six women and seven or nine men necessary; doubles are easy. Large mob

Agnes Gerard.

A winsome young woman, age twenty four. Auburn hair. Is an orphan and multimillionairess. Gowns for prolog: White satin ball dress embroidered with pearls, cut semi-empire style up-to-date. Tiara and jewels of pearls. Changes to handsome white lacy negligee at last of prolog. ACT II. Evening gown of ivory colored crepe de chine trimmed with lace, cut princess, square neck, elbow sleeves, gown is demi-train. A collar of pearls about the throat. A lawson pink is pinned on left of corsage during the act. ACT IV. Negligee same as in prolog.

Mrs. Lucy Temple.

A widow, aunt to Agnes. A social leader about forty years of age. Gown for prolog: Ball dress of rich shade of grass green velvet, waist is cut diagonal from right shoulder to left at belt thence open down the left side of skirt showing white satin underdress trimmed with emeralds and diamonds in pattern. Diadem and necklace of emeralds and diamonds is worn. Gloves are white. ACT II. A combination of terra-cotta and olive silk and velvet. Rubies sparingly. Carries handsome vineagrette. ACT IV. Rich house dress of blue trimmed with blue velvet. (Can double editor in 3rd act. Shirt waist suit.)

Zora Forester.

A pert, piquant ingenue about twenty years of age. Is friend to Agnes and daughter of Agnes' guardian. Gown for prolog: handsome ball dress of turquoise blue satin with gold embroidered lace over-dress, shoulder-bands of turquoise and diamonds, bands of the same on hair and neck. ACT II. Evening gown of nile green elaborately trimmed with pink; round neck, elbow sleeves, demi-train; diamonds sparingly. ACT IV. Handsome carriage dress, picture hat. Doubles editor in third act: Shirt waist suit.)

Mrs. Van Der Vere.

A grand society dame. Prolog: Black jet spangled lace over black satin, jewels of jet and diamonds on neck and hair. (Makes quick change for double with old family nurse.) (Doubles editor in 3rd act. Shirt waist suit.

Miss Freda Van Der Vere.

Prolog: Coral pink silk ball dress, full train handsomely draped, a diadem of diamonds and corals. ACT II. Canary colored evening gown, demitrain, elbow sleeves, round neck. Long overcoat of same material cut empire fastened low at the neck with black cord and tassels and trimmed around the edge with oriental trimming shaded from pink down into black. Black gloves and black picture hat. Black slippers, etc. (Doubles editor in 3rd act.)

Josephine Straus.

A faithful old Dutch nurse; age forty-eight (mentioned). Spotless white dress, nurse's cap, collar, cuffs, white shoes and hose.

Mrs. Reade.

Age fifty. Snow white hair (mentioned) Cotton gown and head covering.

Daniel Le Moyne.

Age forty; distingué. Has dark hair, grey at the temples, becomes whiter for 3rd act. Large physique, forceful and magnetic. Organizer of the world's trust and editor of The Greater New York Daily. Prolog: Full dress suit. Act I. Business suit, overcoat and hat. Act II. Evening suit. Act III. Business suit, overcoat and hat. Act IV. Business suit, same as in act 3rd.

Harvey Holmes.

Bright, volatile but earnest. A warm friend to Le Moyne and eventually co-editor with him. Prolog: Full dress suit. Act II. Evening dress suit. Act III. Business suit, in shirt sleeves.

Dr. Martin.

The Gerard family physician, in love with Mrs. Temple. Age about fifty, is very bashful. Prolog: Full dress suit. Act II. Evening dress suit. Act IV. Professional suit. (Can double Lindell in first act, also editor in 3rd act.)

Lawrence Guille.

Prolog only. Full dress suit. (Can double black face in first act, news reporter in third act.)

Duke De Calculari.

An Italian fortune hunter. Little with large moustache. Wears corsets under evening dress suit with coat buttoned tightly at the waist line, eye glasses. (Doubles old Dutchman in Prolog, Jew in first act; editor in third act.)

Henry Sprech.

In prolog only. Is ninety-two years old, little, thin, wrinkled, frisky, wiry. Has thin goatee on chin and one on the front part of top of his head. Head mostly bald, with only a few straggling locks. Wears neat serving attire, which exaggerates his shriveled appearance. Is a care taker. (Doubles Italian, Jew and editor: All bits.)

Ernest Robey.

A press reporter in third act only. Business suit, overcoat and hat. (Doubles black face and Guille.)

Mustapha Mohammet Delamar.

A colored importation from the far south, an assistant janitor. White jumper suit, porter's cap. (Doubles Guille and reporter.)

Lincoln Bradley.

Editor and reporter. Shirt sleeves.

Timothy McCarthy.

An Irish janitor. Brown jumper suit. (Is a double.)

L. D. Mann.

Superintendent of telegraphers and press dispatchers. Working clothes. (A double.)

Charles Barret.

Captain of mob. (A double.)

John Taylor.

Master of mechanical effects and properties.

News Boys.

John Lee, Jimmy Piper, Dick Jones, Peter Smith. (Heard not seen.)

Large mob heard in the distance only.

Charley Wright and Arthur Rynhardt and other office boys in third act only. Ralph Greanleaf, city editor; Cary McNeal, Sunday editor; Kate Eastman, society editor. (As many men and women on for editors, etc., as space will allow.) Women in shirt waists and plain skirts, men in working clothes, some with shirt sleeves) Reporters.

Norman Rutledge.

A compositor. Soiled working clothes, apron, shirt sleeves rolled up.

Directors of The Consolidated American Mining Association.

George Brainard—President. A high priest of finance. Is powerfully built, heavy set and large, tall, white hair, close cut, clean shaven. Fine business suit, overcoat and hat on chair for later use. (Doubles stage director.)

A. M. Armstrong—General manager. A famous operator on the stock exchange. Tall, large and powerfully built, waving dark hair, slightly sprinkled with grey; sandy moustache, large, well defined features. Striped pants, black coat and vest. Watch chain visible, overcoat and hat on chair for later use. (Doubles assistant stage director. Is a second lead in one act only.)

H. J. Lindell—V.-P. A conservative. Head partly bald. Van Dyke moustache and beard, partly grey, strong expression. Uses eyeglasses Fine business suit, overcoat and hat on chair for later use. (Doubles Dr. Martin and editor.)

Jacob Felheimer. A refined Jew. Speaks with a slight Jewish accent on some words. Large, broad forehead, almost to baldness. Long, straight nose, wears eyeglasses. Business suit. Overcoat and hat on chair for future use.

L. D. Stillwell. Back and top of head is bald, fringed around with dyed dark hair. Plain business suit, overcoat and hat on chair for future use.

PROPERTIES

PROLOG.

Dainty stationery, folded paper and envelopes on desk. Gas logs for fire. Sofa pillows and handsome silk coverlet for couch. Gilt clock and candelabras.

ACT I.

Extra heavy bronze paper weight on table. Writing material, pencil and pocket memorandum, mirror glass for over mantel (to break). Legal size envelope with papers enclosed. Phonographic record receiver. Phone, typewriter, etc., twenty dollar bill, nickel, two cigars, matches, broom, dust pan and brush.

ACT II.

Books, magazines, large portfolio of views, quantity of kodak pictures, quantity of sheet music, large quantity of flowers, a lawson pink, telegram.

ACT III.

Six large mail bags, one full of exchanges, extra large quantity of exchanges; shears and paste pot with brush. Card: "City editor". Card: "Sunday editor. Card: "editorial", pneumatic tubes, etc., telegraphic instruments and ear receiving attachments, numerous typewriters and telephones, two adjustable head receiving telephones. Stock ticker, ribbon and basket. Large waste basket. Litter for the floor. Calendars, maps, notices, papers on file. Quantity of galley. Pictures of Abraham Lincoln and George Washington. Paper for copy.

ACT IV.

A dainty bible, a newspaper, dainty envelope with paper enclosed. Pocket medicine case with bottles and powders. A baby six months old or more, handsome white cap and cloak and garments for baby.

SETTING FOR PROLOG.

Boxed in boudoir with massive wide center door, set open entrance R. 3 E. Window L. 3 E. Draperies, Golden yellow silk. Decorations and floor coverings shaded from light yellow into golden brown. The walls are set in panels with a deep frieze bordering. A large picture of Daniel in the lion's den is hung in one panel left of C. D., and a companion piece in panel R. of C. D. An oil painting of middle aged man is hung over a high antique mantel on which is set a gilded clock and pair of candelabras. The mantel and wood work surrounding fire place is the color of sandal wood, matching the dark brown decorations. Brass andirons support burning gas logs in the fire place. The floor is covered with oriental rugs shaded from light yellow into golden brown. A large cloth representing a leopard's skin covers a couch, the head of which is set near center even with R. 3 E. the foot, near fire place, R. 1 E. Desk with chair in front of it sets R. 2 E. Handsome screen directly back of the couch. Stand with vase of flowers right of center door. Large easy chair between C. D. and L. 3 E. Pedestal with statuary left upper corner. Dainty writing material and folded letter on desk. Settee down L. 1. E.

Setting rear of Center door. Is hung with large handsome piece of tapestry. Set with dainty settee. Set open entrance R. 3 E. also shows dainty setting.

MONEY AGAINST MONEY

PROLOG.

At rise. Subdued conversation and music is heard in the distance. Music is continuous throughout the whole scene until after the Ostende is played for the dance on the stage and exit of the dancers.

Mrs. Vander Vere , Miss Vander Vere and Lawrence Guille are discovered.

Mrs. V. Is seated on settee down L. 1 E. Miss V. and Guille stand at rear of settee, Miss V. near the end of settee R., with her back partially turned to audience, is talking to Guille and partially listening to her mother.

Mrs. V. (Speaking to Miss V. as the curtain is being raised.) What a delightful entertainment. Mrs. Temple has certainly spared nothing to make this ball the event of the season. The most exclusive set is out in full force.

Mrs. T.—(Enters C. D., chatting with Dr. Martin as they go down R.)

Mrs. V. Mrs. Temple, I must congratulate you upon the grand success of your entertainment.

Mrs. T. Thanks Mrs. Van Der Vere. I was determined for once to bring my niece out of her shell and incidentally to make a feature of this ball.

Mrs. V. You certainly have succeeded. Such an array of wealth, beauty, wit and genius was never before assembled in New York.

Dr. M. But the best of it is, that with all those foreign dukes and lords our plain modern Monte Christo as he is called, is the most lionized. That man has a remarkably winning personality.

Mrs. T. (Laughing) A fortune of nine hundred and sixty millions is apt to give one a winning personality. Really the amount seems almost incredible.

Guille But if Wall Street dared to let the truth be known, its high priest of finance would be found to be far richer.

Mrs. T. You think so, Mr. Guille?

Guille I know it. The wealth of the Monte Christ period of writing sinks into insignificance compared to the wealth of our present time millionaires.

Holmes (Enters C. D. with Zora Forester. He stands listening to the following speech.

Zora (Joins Miss V. down L.)

Guille (Continuing) Why Le Moyne could out-do Monte Christo in the splendor of his life if he weren't such a fanatic to be spending all that money among the common people.

Holmes Fanatic! You are off my boy. He simply does things while others just cackle at every new hatch of the trusts. And I'd like to have you tell me, what life could be more splendid than the uplift he's giving to humanity. Monte Christo lived for self, Le Moyne lives for all.

Mrs. V. Oh, you know him Mr. Holmes? (questioningly).

Holmes Slightly. We starved once in the same garret to get a footing in journalism.

Mrs. V. Ah, that was in the days when he and his father were estranged.

Holmes Yes, and all because he refused to follow his father's methods of crushing opposition to absorb it.

Guille The old man did the handsome though before he died.

Holmes That was because his business sense told him who would make the best use of his money.

Zora Just as Agnes does with her money, what a glorious match they would make.

All (Laugh.)

Mrs. T. Oh, Zora.

Mrs. V. (Rising and turning to Zora playfully as she goes up stage.) You little match maker; As if Miss Gerard would marry him with all those titles ready to be laid at her feet. They say that the grand duke has no end of money and palaces, and his pedigree dates back to—a—to—a—

Zora (Roguishly) To the monkey?

All (Laugh.)

Mrs. V. At any rate, did you notice how signalled the duke's attentions were to Miss Gerard?

Zora (Going down in fornt of settee as she speaks) And did you see how charmingly she disposed of him when Harvey presented Mr. Le Moyne? If titles were any temptation Agnes Gerard could have been a countess or a duchess long ago.

Mrs. V. I don't doubt it in the least. (Turns to Miss V.) Come, dear, let us return to the ball room. (Aside to Miss V.) Get rid of Guille, he's spoiling all your chances. (Exits C. D.)

Miss V. Yes, Mamma. (Turns to Guille knowingly as she exits C. D.)

Guille (Following and speaking aside as he exits.) Confound that old woman, she's like an old hen with one chicken. (Exits C. D.)

Holmes (Joining Zora, laughing) You a match maker, if she's not one it isn't her fault.

Dr. M. (Laughing.) I reckon the young folks are a match for her.

Mrs. T. (Laughing, as she goes to C. D.) It looks that way.

Holmes If only those anxious mammas could see themselves trying to beguile those foxy old millionaires.

Mrs. T. Oh Mr. Holmes, you are incorrigible.

Zora That's just what I've been telling him. And as if Freda with her millions cared for more.

Holmes Oh, those things grow on what they feed.

Zora (Shakes her head reprovingly, then turns to Mrs. T.) Don't go.

Mrs. T. I must. I must be on hand for the last act of the evening. Will you join me, Dr. Martin.

Dr. M. With pleasure. (They exit C. D. together.)

Holmes (Gathers Zora in his arms and draws her down on the settee.) Isn't she a darling to leave us alone?

Zora (Struggles.) You dreadful boy, to rumple my gown (Adjusts the diamond shoulder band.) If you were going to Colorado so soon I should be so angry—

Holmes I'm awfully skeered. (Draws her closer.)

Zora Harvey, be sensible; I've something to tell you. Do you

know what you did when you told Agnes all about the world's trusts.

Holmes No, what?

Zora She's subscribed for fifty million dollars' worth of its bonds.

Holmes No!

Zora That's half her fortune.

Holmes What's that compared to Le Moyne's. He put the whole of his in its bonds and he cashed in on the old trusts at face value. Oh, he's got a head on him.

Zora But suppose it should fail and they should both lose.

Holmes They can't lose. The bonds are all secured by properties. And you just take it from me, they are not going to fail. He's simply fighting a great army of trusts with a greater army of trusts and he's bound to win with his practical up-to-date methods. (Becomes enthusiastic.) Don't you see dear, the people and labor unions with their energy and industries capitalized have every advantage of just organized capital. (Points off an imaginary line with his index finger.) See—here you have it clear as day. On this side of the line is organized capital. On this side of the line is labor capitalized. Labor capitalized means money for the laborer. It gives him purchasing power, the full result of the use of his brawn, his brain, his practical experience or training. It gives him courage backed by the force of numbers to act, not only in trade, but in the political field as well. He becomes a producer on a paying scale, a self patron. You see, dear, in labor capitalized, people would have themselves for employers, themselves for employes, themselves for patrons. Everything to make a complete success, and what is best of all it would give them a dignity of manhood and womanhood that could be acquired in no other way. Tell me. What do you see left for organized capital without the people's patronage, and how is it possible for them to do business on their fictitious values when competing enterprises are run at a greater profit on actual values?

Zora I see it all, Harvey. It's great. I'm going to make papa invest for me. I don't wonder you are enthusiastic.

Holmes Enthusiastic, nothing. I know the plan and the man behind it. There's no such thing as I or mine in him, and he's so appreciative of his privilege of giving that he just forces one for the time to lose sight of his personal greatness, but when he leaves me and I begin to analyze the whole matter, it comes to me, that I have been in the presence of something—well something that makes me want to be better to my fellow man.

Zora He certainly is most unassuming, and you can't get him to say a word about the world's trust.

Holmes He didn't come here for business. I had to work it fine to get him here at all. (Pleadingly.) Come, now, sweetheart, tell me. Liebst du mich?

Zora (Roguishly.) Yah, Mein Liebchen.

Holmes (Folds Zora in his arms, whereupon they remain silent and concealed by the high back of the settee as they hear Agnes and Le Moyne approaching).

Agnes and Le Moyne enter C. D., Agnes talking, Le Moyne looking down into her eyes.

Le M. (Seats Agnes on the couch, R.) Rest awhile, Miss Gerard. You look fatigued. Allow me to get something to revive you.

Agnes (Sits near R. end of couch, smiles wearily.) Thank you, no, Mr. Le Moyne, I am only weary with these empty conventionalities.

Holmes (Aside to Zora.) That will make a hit with Le Moyne.

Zora (Aside). Some one's been trying to propose to her.

Le M. I don't wonder, Miss Gerard, to one who has seen the pathetic side of life, as you have in your settlement work, this vast display of wealth MUST act like a pall. There, now, I've made my first break.

Agnes (Points to a seat beside her on couch.) Not at all. I have been wanting to hear you say something on these lines.

Le M. (Seats himself, speaks seriously.) There is too much to be said, and (speaks lightly) we hobbyists, you know, are mighty talkers when we get started. Again I made up my mind to have the time of my life tonight (looks at Agnes earnestly.) Do you know, it seems as if we had met before.

Agnes (Smiling coquetishly) In a previous incarnation perhaps. We may have passed each other when we were abroad. Mr. Holmes tells me that you were in India when we were there.

Le M. (Looks at her long and earnestly as if trying to recall a memory; speaks slowly.) But it seems—as if I had known—you—always.

Holmes (Clears his throat to attract attention.)

Le M. (Turns, looks at Holmes, comes down center slightly annoyed, speaks abruptly half amused.) Well! What are you doing here?

Holmes (Looks quizzically at Le Moyne, then into Zora's eyes; says aside:) The same.

Le M. (Turns apprehensively toward Agnes, is relieved to find she has gone to her desk; turns to Zora warningly.) Miss Zora, you don't know what you are getting on your hands. That boy never will grow up.

Holmes Don't you believe him, dear; he's jealous.

Le M. (Laughs whole heartedly at the absurdity).

Holmes Why aren't you in the ball room dancing?

Le M. Don't you think I've done my stunt? And what's more I have enjoyed my coming out immensely, (turns to Agnes).

Holmes You've made good, keep it up. (Turns to Zora they converse.)

Agnes (Goes up to writing desk as Le M. goes down stage returns with folded paper which she has taken from desk and gives it to Le Moyne.) It is kind of you to say that you have really enjoyed yourself and in return you must permit me to make good. I had this prepared to mail before I learned that you were going to honor us, but I'll give it to you now.

Le M. (Reading) What's this? An application for bonds in the world's trust? Splendid!

Holmes Oh, that's just a beginning. Wait 'til to-morrow, old man. You've made a hit all round to-night.

Le M. Now that will do, son.

Holmes (Subsides comically.)

Le M. (Looks at Agnes, admiringly but questioningly.) Let me ask, how much thought have you given to this matter?

Agnes I have scarcely thought of anything else since the trust was organized. My work among the poor has taught me that charity, as we rich dispense it, only fosters the ills of humanity, it does not cure them, and I have so longed for a better way.

Le M. (Earnestly.) I understand you. You have learned that the people do not want charity. They want a square deal in this game of money getting, and the world's trusts are going to give it to them. But, Miss Gerard, much as I appreciate your desire to do a great good to a great number, I must not accept your generous subscription without first knowing that the investment meets with your guardian's approval.

Agnes (Gently.) I am twenty-four years old, Mr. Le Moyne, and sole mistress of my own fortune.

Le M. Pardon me, but I understand that Mr. Forester is still your legal adviser and representative?

Agnes Yes.

Le M. And you HAVE consulted with him?

Agnes (Hesitatingly). No.

Le M. Do you know that the Wall Street Press writers have christened me the crank of the age, and that half the world believes it?

Agnes (Spiritedly). I know that all the great things of the world have been done in the face of the cry fanatic or crank.

Le M. (Smiles acknowledgment). But do you realize that my acceptance of this bond subscription, at this date would cause our names to be linked together, and that we would be written up by this same force as a pair of lunatics?

Agnes (Shrinkingly). Oh—I hadn't—thought of that.

Le M. Now I am sure that you will understand why I must insist upon your keeping this document until Mr. Forester has investigated the securities. THEN, if satisfactory, we can arrange for a more regular proceeding. I thank you, Miss Gerard, but you see that it is better to wait. (Returns paper to Agnes.)

Agnes Yes. (Takes paper to near desk, tosses it, it falls on the floor as she goes up stage.)

Josephine appears at C. D.) Miss Agnes. Mrs. Temple sent me to tell you that the last dance was on and that most of the guests were leaving. (Exits R. 3 E.)

Holmes (Rising from settee with Zora.) That means for us to make out get-away; come on Honey Mugs.

Zora Oh, they are playing the Ostende and I wanted to dance that.

Holmes We'll dance it as we go. (Puts his arm around Zora's waist.)

Zora But we need two more, Agnes, you and Mr. Le Moyne join us!

Le M. (Laughing.) It's a new one on me, but I'll try it if Miss Gerard can stand it.

Agnes (Gives him her hand and the quartette forms for the dance up stage, dancing toward the audience one figure, the second figure after turning, with which they make their exit. Agnes and Le Moyne are R. when facing audience.)

(If recalled, finish the dance.)

Jos. (re-enters from R. 3 E.) Thank goodness that ball was about over; everything was so grand. I neffer saw so much money in jewels and gowns. How do they get so much money? Dere vas enough here to house and feed all de poor of New York. Und dere was so many hungry ones here. Dot's what make Miss Agnes unhappy, und she don't like her aunt to gif dot ball to dem rich peoples. (Arranges furniture. Picks up paper from the floor.) I wonder if dot vas any goot? (Reads) Mr. Daniel Le Moyne, Min-er-al Point, Colorado. Esteemed Sir. I desire to make application for fifty million dollars' worth of bonds in the world's trust. (Places paper on desk.) I guess she want to keep dot. (Crosses down left and leans on back of settee) Well upon my word, after all dot care her father took to gif her all dem stocks and bonds and properties before he die, so as the world would not know how much money he leave his only child, und now she thinks no more of giving dot money than she would to buy a pair of shoes. Well if dem trusts was like what Mr. Holmes say, dey was good for everybodys.

Henry Sprach enters R. 3 E., stumbles on rug.)

Jos (Rushes to straighten rug.) Well, upon my word: Can't you do nodings mitout kicking de furniture all to pieces?

Henry When I look of you, Josephine, I falls all over mit myself, my heart vas so full of love for you.

Jos. Go long mit your nonsense. An ole man ninety-two years old to be talking of love. (Asid.e) He might better be speaking for something nice in heaven.

Henry If I don't talk it how could you know. I haf waited for you forty-eighty years, Josephine, ever since you was a leetle baby in the vater land, when I trotted you on top of my knee. I was going to marry your mother.

Jos. You was!

Henry Yah. But she didn't was know dot. Und she went und married your fadder. Und when you come, I speak mit myself, I would wait for you.

Jos. Vell you was de prize waiter I must say. (Comes down left close to Henry) Und you was old enough to be my grand father.

Henry Oh, dot makes no neffer mind. Der heart vas always young when it lofes, (Looks kiddish) und you haf dot look in your eyes, what makes me feel just like one little kit. (Chucks her in the side with his thumb; winks kicks up his heels comically, then suddenly clutches at his back) Ach! Gott! dem rheumatics!

Jos. (Going to fire place.) Ah, dot's the way I look of everybody.

Henry Yah, I know dot. Josephine, please don't dance mit dot young mans no more. When I see him mit his arm around your waist my heart went down just like one lump of lead.

Jos. (Stirring logs on fire.) Dot was de turnips what you eat for dinner.

Henry No, Josephine, it was my lofe for you. Und I no want to go back to my farm mitout you. If you marry me I puild me a nice pig house und gif you effery dings what you want.

Jos. But I get every dings what I want already once und more money den you could ever make. I had been mit der family twenty-fife years, ever since we came to this country mit our wooden shoes on, Ach! I was dot clumsey, und Miss Agnes' mudder was dot patient und kind mit me, und when she die, when Miss Agnes was a little baby, she make her sister, Mrs. Temple, and me promise to always care for her little girl. (Rises and arranges pillows on couch.) und Miss Agnes was just like my own schild.

Henry Yah. What for you send for me to stay mit der house when you was gone away?

Jos. To take care mit it of course.

Henry Und now you haf come back you no want no caretaker any more, und pretty quick already once your young lady she get married, den you haf nobody.

Jos. (Leans on arm of couch.) No, Agnes will neffer marry. She lofed once. Oh, My, how she lofed dot young man! She have dot deep love nature dot she almost die when she found dot he vas no goot.

Henry How vas dot?

Jos. He ruined a nice young girl, then deserted her to marry Miss Agnes for her money.

Henry He was one scoundrel.

Jos. Yah, I know dot. But Miss Agnes got him to marry the girl because it was best, then we was abroad for five years. Miss Agnes was dot restless we was on de go all the time for two years, den she forgot all about dot man when she got to studying dem ancient religions in India, und now she sees dings just like dem prophets what we read about in der bibles (Impressively) und dey come true! effer time.

Henry So?

Jos. Yah. Long before dem world's trusts was organized she tell us her father come to her in her dreams and foretole her all about it. Dot was why she come back to New York, cause the love what she once had for the young mans ent out in one great big love for everybody. Und now she was so glad about dose World's Trusts.

Henry I don't take no stock in dem World's Trusts. Dem big fellows get away mit der whole business anyhow.

Jos Dey can't get away mit it. Dem big money fellows only get interest on the bonds, just like der banks gif. Sh-she comes. Go along mit yourself und look sharp after de house.

Henry (Turns at door R. 3 E. looks silly at Josephine) Josephine, don't you forgot what I speak mit you. Ch-(Repeats business. Exits R. 3 E.)

Jos. (Shakes with laughter) Well upon my word. When will a mans effer get over such nonsense. Putty quick he will need a rattle box, he will get so schildish.

Agnes (Enters C. D., removing gloves; goes to desk, inserts bond application in envelope, stands thoughtfully, sighs) You can prepare the couch, Josephine, I shall rest here before retiring. I'm so tired.

Jos. (Speaking at she exits R. 3 E.) Poor schild, she don't enjoy dot ball.

Agnes (comes down to fire place, has bond subscription in her hand.) What a general he must be to have massed his forces so quietly; that's just the way papa used to do. I'm sure I cannot make a mistake. (Looks at oil painting of her father over mantel.) Father, dear, you have never failed to tell me right. You said this would come and succeed. (aside) Beside, Mr. Le Moyne's business ability is unquestioned, and he has proved to the social world tonight that he is one with us, and I know, that he is one with all. How his earnestness thrilled me.—Pshaw, Agnes Gerard. You are not going to center your affections again—after the thousand deaths you suffered in conquering that old love?—and that—was a child's love, —but now—no, no, (goes to front of couch) I'm mad to think of it.—His whole soul is in HIS WORK. And I—could—not LIVE, with a love for him—unrequited. Sighs) Removes pearls from hair).

Jos. (Returns with white lacy pillow, silken coverlet and handsome white negligee. She lays them on the couch and assists Agnes to remove jewels and unfastens her gown.

Agnes (Leaves bond subscription on head of couch.) (Goes up behind the screen and changes ball dress for negligee, while Josephine prepares the couch. Comes down to couch and as Jos. covers her says:) Remove the screen, Josephine, I want the air.

Jos. (Places screen near right upper corner, stirs the fire in grate, which blazes up afresh; she then takes ball dress, pearls, etc., and turns to Agnes) Is there anything more, Miss Agnes?

Agnes No, thank you, nursie dear, turn off the lights as you go, and rest yourself, I'll ring when I'm ready to retire.

Jos. (Exits R. 3 E., carrying gown and jewels, etc.)

Lights are lowered.)

Music. (Pianissimo until curtain).

Agnes (Studies envelope which she retains in her hand. Sighs. Speaks prayerfully, as she glances up at her father's picture). Father, dear, come to me again, and show me more of the future. (Soon her eyelids droop, then gradually close in sleep.)

MUSIC. CURTAIN.

ACT I.

Magnificently appointed office setting. Doors R. and L. in flat. Set massively carved fire place with large fireless open grate below and high mantel, above which is a large mirror. Bronze figures are on the mantel. Fire place is R. 2 E. A ventilator is seen in the wall about six feet from floor R. 3 E. Massive mahogany table about 4 by 8 ft., is set center on a line with R. 2 E. Five ahndsomely carved easy chairs are set around table. One at each end, two wide apart at rear facing audience, and one in center in front of table with back to audience. Pencil and writing material are on table also a heavy bronzed paper weight is placed on left end of table. A desk is set at left of left door in flat, with phone on desk. Typewriting desk with typewriter is set down L. 2 E. Chair L. 3 E. Chair between the two doors in flat and one at each desk L. H. Overcoats and hats are seen on chairs at rise, or on hat rack.

The five directores of the Consolidated American Mining Association are discovered. Brainard, the president, sits at the left end of the table toying with a heavy bronze paper weight. Is looking expectantly at Armstrong who sits at opposite end of table in a reposeful but attentive position; he is facing the audience with his arm resting on the arm of the chair nearest to the table, his legs crossed. Fellheimer, a refined Jew sits at rear of table left, has large pocket memorandum in which he is jotting minutes of the meeting. Lindell, the Vice-President, sits at rear of table R. facing audience. Stillwell sits in front of table with his back to audience.

All (Are looking expectantly at Armstrong.)

Bra. It's up to you, Armstrong, what have you to offer?

Arm. (Speaks rapidly as if to emphasize the value of time, but his enunciation must be clear and distinct throughout.) I would advise that we seek an interview with the head of the world's trusts and arrange to merge our various enterprises with theirs if possible, then get out whole.

Bra. (Contemptuously) The white feather, eh, before we've thought them significant enough to notice (Straightens himself around to table tigerishly.)

Arm. (Calmly) You asked my opinion, I have given it to you.

Bra. And do you suppose, for one instance that it is necessary to consult with these fanatics?

Arm. You are mistaken, Brainard, these people are no more fanatics than we are. The whole force is made up of business men of acknowledged ability.

Bra. (Slurringly) Bankrupts and broken down merchants.

Arm. Do you call Le Moyne, who is backing these enterprises, with his nine hundred and sixty millions, his hard earned experience and his inherited ability, a bankrupt? Gentlemen, we can't afford to ignore these trusts. There ARE some bankrupts in them, but no one knows better than we, how, their enterprises became bankrupt, but you can rest assured that the process has sharpened their wits. We have proved that by the transactions we are continually running up against.

Bra. (Assertively) You know this man Le Moyne?

Arm. No. But we all knew his father good and plenty, and we are likely to know the son still better. He's a positive genius in managing large enterprises.

Bra. But he starved when thrown upon his own resources.

Arm. Yes, he starved, because he refused to work our system upon the people, but he's working it on us all right, with every evidence of the early training which his father gave him, while at the same time, he has incorporated in the series of world's trusts, not only a sound business principle, but a feeling of fraternalism that is a true, Christian virtue, not to be sneered at.

Bra. (Loftily) Ph—

Arm. (Disgustedly) You can be as scornful as you like, but don't lose sight, of this one point. That while here-to-fore we have held the reins, we have depended upon the people to pull the load for us, and that now, their labor and patronage turned into their own enterprises means eventually our total collapse.

Bra. (Impudently) What's your scheme?

Arm. I have said: Merge with them if possible and get our money out before it is too late.

Bra. (Tigerishly). No! We'll fight it out! and rest assured we'll make quick work of it.

Still. (Conscilliatingly) How do you propose to fight it?

Bra. I'm not prepared to state. But we certainly are not fools enough to surrender our power after our experience.

Arm. Yes but we have been working on a line of little or no resistance. Now we have organized forces to contend with, and these people are all with Le Moyne heart and soul.

Bra. To HELL with the people. They are a lot of cattle. They ought to be eating grass instead of beefsteak.

Fellh. (Speaks warily with slight Jewish accent). Have a care, Brainard. Remember the result of a similar remark.

Bra. (Indifferently.) That was France. But here we have a lot of cows to deal with so long as they have a cud to chew, they'll come up regularly to be milked.

Arm. But there's a limit to even their endurance, and there's been too much agitation of late for them to stand for our work much longer.

Bra. There'd be no agitation if it weren't for that twaddle of freedom of speech.

Arm. (rising) Freedom of speech has made this country what it is. (Speaks with patriotic fervor as he rises excitedly, and paces the floor R. Turns to Brainard.) And we, of all privileged ones, have the least cause to complain.

Fell. Come, come, gentlemen, we are way off from the first proposition. We must come to some understanding in regard to the course to pursue tomorrow. (Reads from memorandum) First we are to arrange to pool with the Farnham interests; and before the opening of the board in the morning we must raise a further sum of money to hold the market firm on Con. American Stocks, and run the price up as we have decided.

Arm. (Has returned to his seat at Fellheimer's call to order.) I, for one, decline to put up any more securities.

Bra. I thought so.

Fell. What's the difference? we can make up all our losses, in the advance of food stuffs alone.

Arm. (Wearily) I'm glutted with this game of dog eat dog; I'm tired of bleeding the people. If there's no other method of meeting this new opposition, you can count me out.

Bra. (Enraged) Coward! I charge you with treason!

Arm. (Springs to his feet; his hands clinch nervously.) Coward I may be for joining in such dastardly deeds as we have put through, with our Benedict Arnolds in Washington, but it ill becomes you, George Brainard, to charge any one with treason.

Bra. (Threateningly) What do you mean?

Arm. I mean that you are a traitor to your country and to humanity!

All Spring to their feet.

Bra. (Hurls bronze paper weight at Armstrong's head; Armstrong dodges it. Weight crashes into mantel mirror which falls to the floor shattered, papers drop from Armstrong's pocket and fall under the edge of the table as he makes a dash for Brainard. Stillwill steps in between; is hurled around by Armstrong and flung down on his seat in the center of broken glass. Armstrong then strikes at Brainard in pugilistic manner; Brainard parries and with a quick bear-like hug, pinions Armstrong's arms just as he was about to make an upward pass, he then tries, like an old-time wrestler, to throw Armstrong. They struggle. Armstrong succeeds in working his hand up to Brainard's throat; he shakes him by the neck until Brainard, winded, relaxes his hold, whereupon Armstrong throws him down in his chair to recover for another bout.

Fellheimer and Lindell who in the meantime have been trying to separate the combatants now succeed with arguments in keeping them apart; Fellheimer pacifying Brainard; Lindell arguing with Armstrong. Lindell, with a covert smile, points to Stillwill who, fearing to move, has remained seated on the broken glass. Armstrong suppresses a smile as he catches Lindell's eye and together they assist Stillwill to rise.

Arm. (Disgustedly) Enough of this gentlemen, you have my ultimatum; what do. you propose?

Bra. (Quickly) We'll buy your stock NOW, what do you want for it.

Arm. The market price when I GET READY TO OFFER IT.

Bra. You want to break the market with it!

Arm. I have no such intention.

Bra. If you have, I'll prove to you what can be done, and if you want to join forces with our ((Sneeringly) competitors, WE'LL MEASURE WITS.

Arm. (Wearily) I have no plans whatever.

Bra. Perhaps not. But Forester and company have approved of Miss Gerard's investment in the new Trusts and they have now in their possession a ten million dollar subscription for its bonds from a person, who, for reasons, does not care to be known as the principal.

Arm. Well, what has that to do with me?

Bra. You were known to have been closeted with Forester during the busy part of the day. It's no difficult matter for me to determine who that secret principal is.

Arm. Oh,—I see now, the cause of your grouch. (Studies Brainard in silence.)

Fell. (After a pause.) Speak Armstrong.

Arm. (Disgustedly. Turns to other directors.) Do you believe me guilty of such double dealing?

All NO!

Arm. Then I will answer you. I know nothing whatever of the transaction. But I do know, that subscriptions for bonds and applications for membership in these various enterprises are pouring into their New York offices from every quarter since Forester's endorsement of his ward's investment. And I can tell you right now, if you intend to keep up the price of this stock, you'll buy every share outstanding.

Bra. Perhaps.

Arm. (Ignoring Brainard.) So far as I'm concerned, this conference is at an end. (Takes document from coat pocket, hands to Fellheimer.) I herewith tender my resignation and desire to sever all connection with the company at once. I wait for your acceptance.

Bra. We can take a vote on it at once.

Lind. Gentlemen, don't act hastily.

Arm. I'm not. I've been contemplating withdrawal for some time and now is as good as any other old time.

Fell. I suppose you are determined on this point?

Arm. (Nods assent.)

Fell. Then I move we accept the resignation.

Still. (Acridly.) I second the motion.

All (Supress a smile.)

Fell. Moved and seconded. Ayes? (Silence) No's?

Lind. No.

Fell. The Ayes have it. (To Armstrong) Your resignation is accepted. I will dictate the answer later. I regret this move, Armstrong.

Lind. I'm sure that voices the real sentiments of the majority.

Arm. Thank you gentlemen. I confess, old associations have their hold upon me, but I must say: I feel the load already lifting. (Takes coat and hat from chair as he speaks and exits right door in flat saying.) I bid you all good bye.

All (Bow coldly as they resume their seats.)

Still. (Sits cautiously, partly rises and slyly brushes his pants, then sits carefully.)

All (Exchange glances.)

Fell. (Turns to Lindell.) Lindell, we haven't heard a word from you: Haven't you anything to say?

Lind. (Deliberately.) I don't feel easy over this situation, and I must say, Brainard, I'm amazed at your loss of self-control. Competition of the people is making a changed man of you.

Bra. All your imagination, Lindell.

Lind. (Adjusts eyeglasses and looks over them at Brainard.

Speaks dryly.) Likely. Now, aside from my own opinion, I saw fit to have this matter looked up and I got a special report.

All (Express new interest.)

Lind. (Takes paper from his pocket as he talks) I have found that this man Le Moyne, is an intrepid, determined leader of men; tenacious of purpose and absolutely loyal to the cause he represents. He possesses a wonderful capacity for massing forces quietly and quickly, and his generalship is marvelous.

Bra. If he has such extraordinary ability why didn't he come to the front before?

Lind. It is said that he could not tolerate our system as it was being preverted to selfish use, so when he was thrown upon his own resources he turned his attention to the study of economics to find a remedy.

Bra. He's an out and out socialist.

Lind. No. The socialists criticize him because he makes the dollar the basis of his reform instead of the ballot. (Looks at paper.) This report will interest you: Shall I continue.

Bra. Yes, of course. Give us all there is of it.

Lind. I have told you most of it; I'll just read the rest; (Turns a page or two. Reads.) During his researches he struggled in poverty totally ignoring the fact of his father's great riches. Then a call came to him to become managing editor of a journal in Colorado, whose owner was on the verge of bankruptcy. His pay was a partnership contract, and through his change of policy and business management, the journal has now become one of the leading dailies of the middle west, and an official organ of the World's Trusts.

Bra. It is a libelous sheet.

Lind. (Dryly) We've tried hard enough to prove it. Listen to this: (Reads) Co-operative buying and selling in various localities formed on the plan of the well known Rochdale system were among the first evolutions that led up to the forming of the world's trusts, but through the limited progress of these organizations, Le Moyne saw that a more aggressive and modernized method must be put into effect in order to compete successfully with the present day combines, so long before actual organization he had bonded a vast amount of territory and business properties, consolidated enterprises here and abroad and through such means had interested capital and hired all the money the people wanted at the cheapest rates. He works systematically through secret assistants and through a brotherhood of humanitarians known to be possessed of immense wealth. He has been especially active in the stock market. (Speaks.) I have noticed a new set of brokers on the floor for some time past. And that reminds me: The shorts are loaded up with orders for tomorrow, so we can look for another hard day.

Bra. They'll not break the market any further, I'll guarantee you. Where did you get that calamity report, from Becket?

Lind. No. But from a source equally reliable.

Fell. You are mistaken about those new brokers, Lindell. Some of them bought for Arrowsmith and Company. Mid Continent was absorbed by them at 23¾ decline.

Lind. That was a blind. It went to the new combines. Since his father's death, Le Moyne has not only inherited ample funds of his own for operation, but he and all those different trusts are backed by that secret brotherhood to an unlimited extent. You'd be surprised to learn of some of the largest business houses that have merged with them on the quiet while still retaining their firm names. The man is on to all our tricks in that line.

Fell. (To Brainard.) How do you suppose Mid Continent came to be thrown upon the market?

Bra. It was held as collateral and was sold to cover.

Lind. You can ignore this report all you choose, but the fact remains that since the publication of Miss Gerard's bond subscription in the world's trusts, the street is strewn with wreckage, and the pressure on bonds has commenced. I tell you, gentlemen, this is a forewarning, and I am of Armstrong's opinion that we have every reason to fear since the people have waked up from their political dreams and gotten down to business on our lines. And unless we can make some decisive move to anticipate this new opposition, I feel like saying you can count me out also.

Bra. I have a decisive move already planned; in fact I have several widely different plans.

All (Look expectantly.)

Bra. If we fail to down these upstart organizations—which I'm sure we will not, but assuming for instance that we should, we'll block their game by giving the people the government ownership they've been howling about so long, while through government guaranteed contracts we shall absorb the profits just as we do now. Only we shall have this advantage: ANY STRIKE AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT BY ITS EMPLOYES WILL BE A REBELLION AND THE STRIKERS WILL BE DEALT WITH ACCORDINGLY. They had a taste of that when they interfered with the running of the mail cars in '94.

Lind. That means virtually to rule the people by force of arms, whereas our points are now gained by strategy.

Bra. It means that our watered stock will turn into gold.

Lind. Yes, if we continue to control the votes. But now as Armstrong says: We no longer have a scattered force to deal with, but an organization stronger than our own through its force of numbers, and with plenty of new stuff to send to Washington.

Bra. They can't beat us. The next campaign is too close at hand and the people are about as able to cope with Government ownership on political lines as a Texas steer is to run a railroad train.

Lind. What if the plan doesn't stick?

Bra. We'll divert the minds of the people by another war!

Lind. WHAT—WITH?

Bra. (Shrugs his shoulders. Pause.) Dissolution is in order, we'll dissolve the striking unions.

Lind. The Czar of Russia wouldn't dare so much.

Bra. The Czar of Russia hasn't the power that we have.

Fell. Why not, Lindell? Striking Unions are as unreasonable in their restraint of trade as combination of capital. All we would have to do would be to hire half to shoot the other half. BRAINARD'S PLANS ARE NOT SO FAR BEYOND THE MAGNITUDE OF MANY WE HAVE PUT THROUGH. The only opposition that we would have to fear would be in the event of Armstrong taking a hand against us. He's no dead one by any means, and he can't be beat on the exchange.

Bra. Don't let that trouble you Fellheimer.

Lind. What's your other scheme?

Bra. (Mockingly.) We'll compete with these great brotherhood of man trusts, and let the dear people in with us.

All (Laugh).

Lind. Will you walk into my parlor says the spider to the fly. Honest now, Brainard, what's happened to you?

Fell. (Looks at watch.) Well this is all for a future consideration. Let's come down to the present. How about the market tomorrow.

Bra. We got the stock at .34 and I guess we can afford to hold it firm at 147.

Fell. And the money?

Bra. I have arranged with Godly for a hundred million, there's no stringency in the money market; there's too much money.

Lind. (Laughing.) Yes of the kind. It doesn't smack of the John Law Period, does it?

Fell. Say, Lindell, you and Armstrong ought to join the socialists and divy.

Lind. Not me.

Fell. (To Brainard.) How about the pool?

Bra. I'll see to that tonight. We are not the only ones caught by that girl's stock being thrown on the market. We could have gotten 1.50 but for that.

Fell. (Looking at watch.) Any thing further? (Silence.) I move we adjourn.

Still. I second the motion.

Fell. Moved and seconded. Ayes? (Silence) No's? (Silence) All right everybody. (Puts memorandum of meeting in pocket, rises, gets overcoat and hat from chair.

All rise and put on overcoats and hats.)

Lind. (Turns to Brainard as he exits Left door in flat.) I never saw you so rabid before, Brainard, you need to get some sleep.

Bra. I know it. (Pulls on coat. Offers Fellheimer cigar from case.)

Still. (Exits following Lindell.) Good evening gentlemen.

Fell. (Takes cigar, gives Brainard light from match first.) Well Brainard, we had our pit all dug, but it seems that we are in it ourselves. (Lights his own cigar.)

Bra. (Going to phone.) We'll get out of it all right. (Takes phone.) Cort. E596. (To Fellheimer.) I shall put a

special detective on Armstrong right away. I'll not lose sight of a single move. (Through phone.) Hello! Is that you, Becket?—Send a plain clothes man to me right away.——No, a new man. Yes in my private office. I'll wait 'til he comes over.

Fell. Can you meet me at 9:30?

Bra. No, I have an engagement with Senator Garrick at that time. (Exits L. D. in flat, followed by Fellheimer.

Mustapha Mohammet Delamar enters L. D. in flat, lazily dragging his feet and singing a doleful plantation melody "Red River"—has broom, dust pan and duster. Drops first one then the other, as he picks up brush he sees a yellow bank note on the floor. He drops everything and stops singing, stands erect and puts foot on money, looks around suspiciously then snatches money from the floor.) Twenty dollahs! I lowed I didn't get dat hunch fo' nuffin when I fell asleep dis fo' noon. Mustapha Mohammet Delamar! Dis am yo' lucky day. (Sits at upper left hand corner of the table takes paper and pencil). I reckon I'll figger about dat. I takes de figgers right heah on dis bill fo luck. Dar's 1, 2, 3, 9, 0, 8, den I takes 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 3. Now dat makes twelve figgers. (Looks admiringly at his work.) Now dis am de policy shop. I saddles an I spiders and I gigs. I shore win a right smart 'case I'se got all de figgers dey is. No mo work fo dis niggah. (Proudly waves the money in his left hand.) Twenty dollahs! I blows de whole business.

Still. (Re-enters at no mo work fo dis nigger, looking for money, sees it in Mustapha's hand, takes it.) Thank you boy, that's just what I was looking for. Here's a reward for your honesty. (gives Mustapha money. Exits L. D. in flat.)

Mus. (Crestfallen looks at money contemptuously.) Fi' cents fo yo honesty. (Angrily throws money at closed door and shouts) Heah yo ole skinflint, keep dat to buy yosef a sandwich. Fi cents fo yo honesty! (Takes duster and beats seat of chair in which Stillwill sat, then kicks at the seat suggestively.) Fi' cents fo' yo' honesty (sees broken glass.) Fo' de Lawd! Dey am been something doin' heah shu. (Goes up R. Near ventilator, looks sorowfully at debris). Mo' work fo' dis niggah.

Mrs. Reade speaks through ventilator.) Mustapha.

Mus. Yaasm. (Turns, scratches his head). I tought dat was Missie Reade right heah.

Mrs. R. (Repeats). Mustapha.

Mus. Yaass. (Turns frightened.) Whar yo' at? (Trembles, drops broom, etc.) Dis place am hanted. Dat was her sperrit. She's daid. (Rushes to door, R.)

Mrs. R. (Meets Mustapha at the door R.) Mustapha.

Mus. Wa wa wa wa dat you callin me jes now?

Mrs. R. Yes.

Mus. (Pointing.) Wa wa wa wa yo standin right dar.

Mrs. R. Did it sound that way? (Laughing.)

Mus. It shore did. An yo all ain't daid?

Mrs. R. Of course not.

Mus. (Doubtingly.) If yo all ain't daid, jes say what dat is. (Shows nickel which he has picked up from the floor.)

Mrs. R. Why it's five cents.

Mus. (Reassured) Yo shore ain't daid. I got dat fi cens fo my honesty.

Mrs. R. Oh, I see. A tip. (Laughing.) who gave it to you?

Mus. Skinflint.

Mrs. R. (Laughing.) It looks like him. Sees broken glass.) What's all this?

Mus. Looks kind o like a rough house, Missie Reade.

Mrs. R. You can leave this til the last. Get through in the other offices, then have Virgil come and help you. Be as quick as possible.

Mus. Yaasm. (Lazily picks up broom, etc., slouches out through door R. saying.) Fi cents fo yo honesty.

Mrs. R. (Laughing.) Commend me to a way down south darkie for speed. Mustapha was shore scared by my transmittaphone. (Comes down to grate, turns cautiously as she detaches from chimney a phonographic record receiver.) Now then, George Brainard I'll see what MY detective has to say about YOU! All's fair in love and war, and this is WAR. (Covering falls from her head as she holds instrument tragically.) Were I to repeat what my electrophones have told me, my words would be looked upon as the ravings of a crazy old woman, but this is corroborative evidence of their plotting that is irrefutable. (Secrets record in gown as Armstrong appears.)

Arm. (Enters R. D. in flat.) Good evening, madam. I must have dropped some papers in here. (Discovers them under edge of table.) Ah, here they are. (Starts to go.)

Mrs. R. (Crosses L.) One moment, Mr. Armstrong. You have withdrawn from the Con. American.

Arm. (Resentfully.) Why, yes, Mrs. Reade, but you can see for yourself that these papers are mine. My name is on the envelope. (Shows papers.)

Mrs. R. (Stops him with a motion of her hand.) You misunderstand me, I merely wanted to be of service to you.

Arm. You?

Mrs. R. Yes, I. Only the superintendent of the building, whom no one has recognized in all these fifteen years of my service here.

Arm. Have I ever met you in any other position?

Mrs. R. Yes, many years ago when I, the daughter of a once proud senator reigned a belle in Washington society.

Arm. (Looks at her closely.) Myra Robson? I know you now, and I remember your marriage to that brilliant railroad financier—

Mrs. R. (Interrupting.) Who was ruined by this same George Brainard's manipulation of stocks and finance, and who later died, leaving a wife and child to face the bitterness of want and starvation. (Bitterly.) My child died for lack of nourishment; they found me holding it close to my breast; my mind a blank; my hair turned white as snow; and today, if remembered at all, I am supposed to be wearing out my life in an insane asylum.

Arm. And to think that I have passed you almost daily without recognizing you.

Mrs. R. My white hair not only proved an effectual disguise but it has helped me to accumulate a fortune as vast as Brainard's and some day you'll hear of me in Washington society again.

Arm. But tell me, why have you remained here so long if you are rich?

Mrs. R. It was necessary for the accomplishment of my object.

Arm. And that, do you mind telling me? It will go no further.

Mrs. R. In the beginning to avenge the wrong done to my poor husband, but a greater power is now avenging him and I want to live to feel that the world is being bettered for my being in it, and while at times I am qualmish about my work, I feel that the end I now have in view justifies the means.

Mus. (Enters L. D. in flat, has card.) Missie Reade, dey is a gemman in de odder room what wants to see de directors. I tole him dey is all done gone and went but Mr. Armstrong and he say take dis card in to him.

Arm. (Takes card, reads aloud.) Daniel Le Moyne. General Director of the World's Trusts. This is great.

Mrs. R. (Going up to door left.) I'll leave you alone to talk to him Mr. Armstrong and I'll see you again.

Arm. Thanks, Mrs. Reade. Show him in Mustapha.

Mrs. R. (Exits after Mustapha, holding the door open for Le Moyne who enters door L., removing his hat as he passes Mrs. Reade.

Arm. (Meets Le Moyne cordially with extended hand.) I'm delighted to meet you Mr. Le Moyne.

Le M. The pleasure is mutual I assure you, but I must to business at once as I am compelled to return to Colorado tonight and my time is limited. I was told that I would find all your directors here.

Arm. In the language of Mustapha Mohammet, dey is all done gone and went but me and I am no longer a director.

Le M. How is that? I thought that you were one of the leading spirits in the Con. American.

Arm. So I was up 'til today. (Points to broken mirror.) But you see a change has come o'er the spirit of our dreams. We no longer maintain that calm and undisturbed repose, (laughing suggestively.) and you are the disturbing element. I'll let the mirror tell you the story.

Le M. (Laughing.) Since you have said that much it speaks volumes.

Arm. I wasn't quite decapitated, but the act finished with a complete separation of interests.

Le M. Director or not, I know that you alone will be able to help us stay the ruin of this unexpected panic.

Arm. You don't mean to tell me that you have lost!

Le M. Lost! No! Our brokers have gathered in properties which we did not expect to acquire without a prolonged struggle, and we are ready for everything that drops to our prices tomorrow. but the havoc among the small dealers is appalling, and while I must do justice to those who

trust to me, I feel that justice does not call for this sacrifice.

Arm. Rest easy on that point. The big dealers have been harder hit than the small ones, and they can't afford to let the market break further just now. But Mr. Le Moyne, when you have seen as many of life's tragadies as I have in Wall Street in the past twenty years, these little flurries will cease to affect you.

Le M. Never!

Arm. Ah, but listen. With but rare exceptions, greed is the ruling passion with all humanity in some form of other. And the one who stakes his money on stocks knows, if he knows any thing at all, that he stands to win or lose, and he forfeits all right to complain.

Le M. Yes, of course, in a square deal; but what possible chance does he stand in this game? There IS redress with a gambler who is caught tricking at cards. He's made to return his spoils and is branded as unfit to mingle with his kind. **But the gambler who tricks in high finance returns nothing. Justice is blinded by the glitter of his wealth and he passes through courts unscotched.**

Arm. Right you are. But I must give you a friendly warning. These men have made money out of nothing too long to surrender their power without a bitter struggle. It will be like snatching the prey from a hungry lion.

Le M. I realized that fully before I went into this enterprise, so I figured out the quickest way to outmatch them. It isn't scientific socialism that I am working, but all the same the people are now bound together with but one interest, MONEY, and as a result they are going to vote solid for that money.

Arm. The strongest point in your favor.

Le M. A point through which we are going to win. The humanizing effort will follow as a natural sequence.

Arm. It's great. I saw your ultimate object from the beginning, but you should have an official journal here in New York to keep the world informed.

Le M. I have secured the Searchlight.

Arm. The Searchlight! SAY!

Le M. Well?

Arm. The largest circulating daily in the world. And the patent insides it sends out full of information, why it's even translated in foreign countries. I guess you'll do. (Laughs) We have tried to buy it time and again. How did you make it?

Le M. It was owned by an order to which I belong. (Looks at at watch). Now then to business. You say that you are no longer connected with the Con. American?

Arm. I am absolutely free.

Le M. It is my duty to engage the best talent and genius that the world affords. If you will consider a proposition to direct the brokers here, I will formulate one.

Arm. Nothing would suit me better; I am with you heart and soul. My office is just across the hall, let us go and talk it over. (Leads the way to R. H. D. in flat, partly opens the door.)

Le M. (Following). Good. I can put in an hour with you.

Bra. (Enters L. D. in flat followed by a plain clothes man wearing a star.) Stop! Officer arrest those men. They are trespassers, here to purloin secret information.

Le M. (Indignantly.) It's false. I came here just too late to meet your board of directors.

Bra. A likely story. Officer do your duty.

Le M. (Angrily). I see your play for the public and I'll go you just one better. We have now the daily Searchlight for an official journal. Beat that with your hireling press if you can.

Arm. (Laughing, shouts.) Good enough Brainard. You can buy my Con. American stock right now.

Bra. (Aside.) DAMNATION.

CURTAIN.

ACT. II.

Boxed in drawingroom with conservatory set right upper corner. Window R. 3 E. Wide C. D. draped with dark olive plush portieres. Decorations and floor covering in dark olive shaded into dark green. Quaint rich furnishings to match colors. Conversation chair is set down left 1 E. Table containing magazines and large portfolio of views set down right of center. Settee for two back of table. Sofa with cushions R. 2 E. Easy chair right of C. D. Fancy flower stand left of C. D. Grand piano just above I. 2 E. with revolving stool before it, and sheet music on the rack. Cabinet containing sheet music and shaded piano lamp at rear of piano. Jardinere holding large vase set near L. 2 E. Empty vases on flower stand. Handsome hall setting with hat stand and large clock is seen at rear through open C. D.

Mrs. Temple and Zora Forester are discovered at rise of curtain. Mrs. T. reclining on sofa R. has vinaigrette which she uses constantly. Zora is seated in lower part of conversation chair writing in note book.

Mrs. T. Zora dear.

Zora (Pertly) Yes mam.

Mrs. T. Are you writing a story?

Zora No, I'm trying to report Mr. Le Moyne's speech at the mass meeting last night.

Mrs. T. Oh, it's that-a-way is it? What will it be when you are married to a reporter?

Zora (Looks at notes admiringly.) I'll be a reporteress.

Mrs. T. (Laughing) You'll be a regular little Bohemian.

Zora (Giggles mischievously.) Good! That's just what I want to be. I'm tired of this conventional life. It's me for a simple one from this time on.

Mrs. T. (Shocked) I suppose you think a simple life includes a few hundred and fifty dollar hats, motors, etc. What would your father say if he heard you?

Zora Oh, papa wouldn't care, he lets me do as I please.

Mrs. T. Evidently. Else he would not have allowed a news writer to propose marriage to you.

Zora (Giggles.) Oh, he didn't propose; I proposed to him.

Mrs. T. Well, of all eccentric young women, you take the lead.

Zora (Enjoys shocking Mrs. T. in a mischievously good natured way. Giggles.) What is more, when Harvey refused me papa tried to buy him for me.

Mrs. T. (Laughing.) Oh, he'd buy you the moon if he could. Tell me about it.

Zora Papa offered to buy a newspaper plant for Harvey.

Mrs. T. And he did not accept the offer?

Zora Not he. He said that might do for those foreign fortune hunters who never knew what it was to earn an honest dollar, but nixy for him. He preferred to work out his own career.

Mrs. T. But you are engaged?

Zora Yes, we compromised as they say in law. He said if I cared to wait for him without binding myself that he'd make good. So I'm "Woiting" (Giggles.)

Mrs. T. Zora! you are getting **dreadfully** slangy. Let me hear what you have to report.

Zora It was wonderful; the house was packed and Mr. Le Moyne received a perfect ovation.

Mrs. T. Is he a good speaker?

Zora It wasn't like speaking at all, but just like talking to a lot of friends.

Mrs. T. What did he say?

Zora Oh I can't remember. (Touches her forehead with her index finger.) Wait a minute. (Looks at notes.) Ah, here's the first thing he said. (Reads laboredly and distinctly). The most practical philanthropy, that one can bestow upon his fellow man, in the present delirium of money getting, is to put that man in a position to make money. Whew! (Leans back in chair exhausted.

Mrs. T. That certainly was right to the point.

Zora It made a hit. And his two hours' talk seemed like ten minutes.

Mrs. T. It must have been interesting.

Zora Interesting, why the people were just enraptured by his plain common sense. He anticipated every attack that opponents could make by his convincing truths.

Mrs. T. (Laughing.) Why, what an enthusiastic reporter you will make.

Zora Oh, that wasn't original; that's what Harvey said. I wish I had the power to repeat the things that Mr. Le Moyne said, but I can only remember the commonplace ones and that speech he quoted of Abraham Lincoln's.

Mrs. T. Which one was that?

Zora (Reads). About the money power of the country prolonging its reign by working upon the prejudices of the people until all wealth was concentrated in a few hands and the republic was destroyed.

Mrs. T. (Impressively.) That was one of the most prophetic speeches of our greatest president.

Zora Everybody in the audience seemed to think the same about it. He said that statistics proved that we were nearing the end prophesied and that it was fatal to waste any more time in a useless war of words and court appeals. That the only way to avert the impending doom of our nation was to organize the people and labor unions on the same line on which organized capital worked.

Mrs. T. I guess that's about right.

Zora (Looking at her notes.) You can't win on talk, said he, you've got to get together and work together, then you'll be surprised at the ease with which obstacles disappear. (Speaks.) Isn't that the truth. (Goes to piano.)

Mrs. T. You certainly have it down fine. (Laughing.)

Zora (Goes to piano and plays.) Listen to this verse. It was sung last night with an enthusiastic recall. (Sings and plays with orchestra accompaniment, a talking song.)

There's a way, an end, to bring, to the mon-e-tary ring,
That laughs to scorn, the strikes and wars of word,
They know you can't beat cash, no matter how you clash,
For it neither sleeps nor eats, like common herd.
Then measure wit with wit, and just combine a bit,
And cease, like stolid ox, to pull their load,

For they only hold the lash, because they get the cash,
Through lack of com-pe-ti-tion in their road.

Mrs. T. That isn't very classical, but it tells the whole story, can't you think of something else that he said.

Zora (Playing.) No, my brain is overtaxed now.

Mrs. T. I can't get Agnes to tell me anything. She seems to be completely absorbed in this work.

Zora (Looking over her shoulder.) Is she!

Mrs. T. Why, what do you mean?

Zora She's in love.

Mrs. T In love!

Zora (Nods her head, sings.) Friends in need, are friends in deed—

Mrs. T. (Impatiently.) Do turn around and talk to me. With whom is she in love?

Zora (Whirls around on stool speaks pertly.) With Mr. Le Moyne.

Mrs. T. Absurd. My niece has too much common sense to fall in love on such short acquaintance.

Zora As if common sense had anything to do with falling in love. (Giggles.) Didn't you notice anything when they met first at the ball that night?

Mrs. T. Nothing special, he was delightfully agreeable with us all.

Zora Ah, but when he looked into her eyes we weren't in it any more. Didn't you see how she blushed?

Mrs. T. The poor child, the color always comes to her cheeks when anything exciting or unusual occurs. She's just like her poor dear mother was in that respect.

Zora It wasn't anything inherited that sent the blood to her cheeks and temples that time. (Quotes extravagantly.) Their eyes mixed—and from that look (sighs.) sprang —love—And their indifference to each other NOW is all assumed. (Raises her index finger comically near her face.) But I've made up my mind, he shall declare his intentions this very evening.

Mrs. T. (Laughing.) Oh, you have. Zora, you remind me of those funny little squirrels that frisk about here in the mountains.

Zora (Giggles.)

Mrs. T. So you are going to turn match maker too, you little minx.

Zora Yes, and you must help me, for if it wasn't a case of love at first sight it was because they were in love with each other before they ever met. Tonight is our last chance.

Mrs. T. But Zora, I understand that he has taken a vow in that brotherhood not to marry.

Zora Oh, that isn't binding if he chooses to withdraw it, so Harvey says.

Mrs. T. But what if he should choose to keep his vow and Agnes should wear her life away as she almost did over that worthless fellow who tried to win her years ago, Zora, you do not know the intensity of that girl's quiet nature, she never would survive another hopeless love.

Zora But Harvey says he knows that Le Moyne adores her. You just stand by me tonight and there'll be something doing before we leave here.

Mrs. T. (Gently reproving). I'm shocked at you.

Zora (Giggles.) Are you with me?

Mrs. T. I suppose I am. I owe Agnes one for insisting upon Dr. Martin's coming with us. What's your program?

Zora Soon after Harvey and Mr. Le Moyne come, suppose you invent an excuse to withdraw and take Dr. Martin with you if he is here.

Mrs. T. Oh, no.

Zora Oh, yes, your headache is still on, and Doctor must go and prescribe for you, of course. After you are gone, I'll walk off with Harvey and Miss Van Der Vere and the count if they come in, and Mr. Le Moyne and Agnes will be compelled to talk to each other all alone. Sh—(Plays with orchestra for Agnes' entrance.

Agnes (Enters C. D. with arms full of flowers. Is followed by Dr. Martin, who awkwardly deposits bunch of flowers in large vase on jardinere stand, then awkwardly edges around until he is at the rear of sofa near Mrs. T. where he stands bashfully chewing the corner of his handkerchief and pulling at the opposite corner with his hand.

Mrs. T. What are you and Doctor going to do with all those flowers?

Agnes Going to decorate for our last evening in this dear old bungalow. (Sighs.) Takes flower from bunch and pins on left side of her corsage.)

Le M. And Holmes are seen at rear hanging up their hats.

Zora (Sighs comically to attract Mrs. T.) Here we are about to leave and it seems as if we had only just come.

Holmes (Entering C. D., followed by Le M., who goes down R. to Agnes and Mrs. T.) Just come! It's all a dream! we're just waking up. (Goes down left to Zora, places his hand on her head comically.) and to think, here is the prodigy that evolved this de-lightful trip.

Zora (With mock tragedy removes Holme's hand.) We had to go somewhere to escape interviewers. (To Le M.) You just ought to have seen how Agnes was beseiged by reporters after the news of her bond subscription was published.

Holmes (Sits on piano stool, looks over music on the rack.)

Le M. Poor child, it must have been embarassing. (Turns to Agnes.)

Agnes It would have been, but for Mr. Forester, I did not see any of them.

Zora But the joke of it all was, for once the tables were turned and the biters were bitten. Papa sold all of Agnes' stock at the highest price the market has ever known just as they were about to unload, and what do you think (Giggles.) they had to buy most of it to keep up the price.

All (Laugh.)

Le M. That was awful. I certainly have to thank you, Miss Zora for bringing about this delightful visit. I never knew ten days to fly so quickly.

Agnes I don't wonder, Mr. Le Moyne, we have kept you so busy entertaining us.

Zora (Goes up to Holmes.)

Le M. You have kept me entertained you should say. (Turns to

Mrs. T.) And how is the invalid this evening, headache disappeared?

Mrs. T. Not entirely, thank you, but I quite forgot about it listening to Zora's account of your speech. I regret so much missing it.

Le M. Perhaps the recital exceeded the original and you are to be congratulated.

Zora Oh, Mr. Le Moyne, it was simply murder in the first degree.

Le M. (Laughing.) No one is ever convicted on such evidence as that. (To Mrs. T.) We had a fine attendance and all the force throughout the country have been kept busy today taking applications for membership and subscriptions for bonds.

Mrs. T. That was a great response.

Le M. Yes, in more sense than one. But we shall need all the money we can get, for the older combinés are making a strong fight against us.

Agnes (Confidently.) But you are going to win.

Le M. (Smiling with determination.) Thank you. I went in to win. Now let us stop talking shop; I have enjoyed this unexpected visit so much, I fear it will be difficult to get down to business again.

Mrs. T. Your pleasure has been shared by all. I never saw my two girls looking so rosy and happy. Don't you think they look fine Doctor?

Dr. M. (Looking only at Mrs. T.) They certainly have a healthy color.

All (Smile.)

Agnes (Turns to conceal smile.) Where are Miss Van Der Vere and the count?

Holmes (Extravagantly.) The heiress and her titled fiancee are strolling on the lawn.

Zora Now Harvey; this IS a real love match.

Holmes Of course. What's a paltry six millions to ze grand count de Calculari. What's become of Guille? (Plays part of chorus of "Your Money is Your Mother" for entrance of Miss V. and the count as he talks. Orchestra accompanying.)

Agnes (Looking out the window.) Here they are.

Miss V. (Enters C. D. R. H. with the count.)

Agnes (Goes up center to chat with them.)

Le M. (Who has in the mean time taken package from his pocket, speaks as Holmes continues playing.) By the way, I have some of the pictures we took on our last trip. You are just in time Miss Van Der Vere and Count. (Sits on settee at rear of table. R. H., lays quantity of kodak pictures on table and passes them out as all crowd around him.)

Agnes (Seats herself on settee L. H.)

Detective in seen at C. D. He stealthily walks in and secrets himself behind window drapery R. H. (Is seen to unfasten window cautiously.)

Zora (Coming down with Holmes.) Are they good?

Le M. (Hands her a bunch.) Some of them are capital, particularly that one of you on the donkey where Harvey tried to hold the brute back by the tail.

Zora (Laughing.) Here's where the guide from Arkansas started to light the fire under the donkey to make him go, and you stopped him Agnes.

Holmes That was shameful of you Agnes, think how you made me toil to pull the beast up the trail.

Le M. (Jokingly:) Are you sure the donkey was on the other end of the line?

Count (Laughs.) He, he, he.

All (Laugh good naturedly.)

Holmes I had my doubts all the time, but that's what I get for working for the good of humanity.

Dr. M. (Who is seated by Mrs. T., looking over pictures, says dolefully.) Never mind my boy, your reward is close at hand. (Looks at Mrs. T. from the corner of his eyes.)

Count He, he, He.

All (Laugh good naturedly.)

Holmes Here you are Count; you and Miss Van Der Vere. It's great. (Slaps him on the back and immediately turns away.)

Count (Indignantly adjusts eyeglass; looks at Holmes, turns to Miss V. L.) De, what you call him? He has not money nor title.

Miss V. (Laughing, touches her forehead.) Sh—he has brains. (Interests him in picture. They retire up R.)

Holmes Here's one of Le Moyne in his favorite spot. I never saw a more perfect likeness.

Zora Of which the spot?

Holmes (Looks at Zora askance.) Yes, of course.

Le M. (Looking at picture with Agnes.) Yes there's something fascinating about the rugged austerity of that mountain scene. To me, it is a language of signs that speaks of the Majesty of the Absolute.

Zora Oh dear; that makes me feel like an atom.

Holmes (At rear with Zora gives her a sly hug. Aside.) But the sweetest little atom in all the world.

Le M. (Has turned quickly at Zora's remark; catches them; laughs.) You mustn't mind what I say; I don't get these spells often.

Holmes Do you remember, Agnes, when you and I were talking about the mountains?

Agnes (Looks at Holmes apprehensively.)

Zora Do tell us what you are talking about.

Holmes (Girlishly.) Oh, this is just a little side affair of ours.

Zora You are very impolite to have side affairs in company.

Holmes This isn't company; we are all brothers and sisters.

Zora Oh, we are? Well don't forget that please, I'm your sister.

Holmes No you're not; I didn't say whose brothers and sisters we were.

Mrs. T. Come, come children, my head isn't strong enough to stand any family jars.

Zora (Delighted, signals Mrs. T. to go.)

Mrs. T. (Rising acquiescently.) I believe I'll have to ask you all to excuse me for a while.

Le M. I am so sorry you feel so badly, Mrs. Temple, let me as-

sist you to your room. (He rises and is pushed down in his chair by Zora.)

Zora Sit still, Mr. Le Moyne? I'm going to help Mrs. Temple.

Dr. M. (Offers his arm simultaneously with Le Moyne.) Allow me.

Mrs. T. Yes Doctor, I want you to prescribe for me.

Dr. M. (Looks radiant as he leads Mrs. T. from the room. Exits C. D. L.)

Zora (Follows expressing amusement.) I'm so sorry Mrs. Temple you have to leave us. (Motions to Miss V. and the Count to follow as she exits C. D. R.)

Miss V. (Exits with Count C. D. R.)

Holmes Straddles piano stool carelessly. Looks at song on the racks; plays with orchestra, piano accompanying, as if practicing, and sings the chorus of "Your Money is Your Mother."

Chorus Friends in need are friends indeed,
And they help to make the hard time break away,
But your money is your mother, beats a friend an e'en a brother,
So put a little by for the rainy day. (Whirls around on stool facing audience. Sings to last refrain.) IF YOU HAVE ANY LEFT TO PUT AWAY.

Le M. And Agnes meanwhile have been visiting and commenting on views in portfolio, they are wholly absorbed in each other.)

Zora (Returns at end of song; attracts Holmes' attention by pantomime. Holds up three fingers, motioning off the third at Holmes.)

Holmes (Imitates her, then points to Agnes and Le Moyne understandingly, and to himself; puts his hands in his pockets and rushes madly after Zora C. D. R. H. exit.)

Agnes (Looking at portfolio.) Zora, here's the photographer's address that you wanted. (Looks around, goes to C. D.) Where are all the people.

Le M. (Rises with her, goes down R. laughing.) It looks as if we were deserted. There's no accounting for the pranks of young lovers, particularly when the time of separation draws near.

Agnes (Laughing goes down L. and takes lower left hand seat in conversation chair.) Nor older ones either. I must tell you Mr. Le Moyne what rare good fun I've been having ever since we left New York. And all at aunt Lucy's expense. (Laughs.)

Le M. (Taking upper seat in conversation chair.) I can imagine from Dr. Martin's attitude.

Agnes (Still laughing.) Ah, but Aunt Lucy. We were hardly on speaking terms all the way out here to Colorado just because I insisted upon Dr. Martin's coming with us when Zora proposed Miss Van Der Vere and her fiancee. Just think what I have had to endure: Two engaged couples and one would be. Only that Dr. Martin is such a dear, innocent man, Aunt Lucy wouldn't have even been polite to him. Poor man.

Le M. And he's such a grand soul.

Agnes Of course you know who he is!

Le M. Yes. I understand that he is one of New York's greatest surgeons.

Agnes (Fondly.) And noblest. He has endowed wards in several hospitals where he puts in much of his valuable time just caring for the poor and helpless.

Le M. I can well believe that of him.

Agnes (Laughing.) But the joke is all on Aunt Lucy. He's desperately in love with her, but he's so bashful in the presence of women in full dress, that is everybody except me, that half the time he's in perfect misery.

Le M. (Looking into her eyes.) Poor fellow, I can sympathize with him.

Agnes (Innocently.) But you are not on the rack like he is.

Le M. (Earnestly.) Perhaps not.

Agnes You see, Aunty Lucy is determined to punish me by showing complete indifference to him. How stupid of me to tell you all this nonsense.

Le M. (Earnestly.) Not at all. I love to hear you talk.

Agnes (Slightly embarrassed.) Talk, it's just prattle. Now to be serious. Do tell me how you had the courage to take the first step in your great enterprise.

Le M. (Laughing.) You mean our great enterprise. (Diffidently.) Really, Miss Agnes, it followed in my work so naturally that I can scarcely recall it. But just prior to the organization I had the good fortune to be associated with a number of wealthy whole souled mining men to whom I was able to make the plan clear, and who joined me in the preliminary work. I also belong to a brotherhood of humanitarians whose moral support is everything to me. Then when father learned what I was doing, he relented, after investigating my methods. We had a complete reconciliation. I was so glad to have his commendation before he passed into the great beyond and then, just before his decease, he transferred all his holdings to me. This of course was an immense lift to the world's trusts as it put us in possession of shipping and other transportation lines much needed.

Agnes But there must have been many interesting incidents that led up to that point. I had long been thinking on the same lines myself, but could never form the faintest idea of how to begin.

Le M. I think, Miss Agnes, one must feel the lash of necessity to spur one on to that point. It was only at such a time that I began to make real effort.

Agnes (Persistently.) And then?

Le M. Then when I cared the least for life I began to do actual work on these lines.

Agnes (Sympathetically.) That must have been a trying time.

Le M. It was. For when I mingled more with the people and saw in their toil wearied brains how impossible it was to awaken them to concerted action, the cause seemed almost hopeless, and more than once I gave up in despair.

Agnes (Spiritedly.) I don't wonder. It was the stolidity with which people adjusted themselves to the harness that discouraged me in MY work.

Le M. Then you can understand my position at the time. I had

long realized that our country was a republic only in name; that it had become a monarchy in which Money was King; that for years the people had remained like a vast army without a general, exhausting their forces in a useless war of words while the work of the system went remorselessly on; that it had gained by strategy and trickery what Napoleon with all his men and army tactics could never have won and that the only way left to snatch victory from defeat was to outmatch them with more money and with more people interested in that money.

So again I took up the matter, starting on the basis that the dollar had become paramount to all else; and that only through a practical up-to-date business method, that would insure a good return for every dollar invested, would the people ever accept a way to lift themselves up out of the conditions which had gradually closed around them. So the world's trusts were launched, and as I couldn't get anyone else to take the leadership I am in it myself perforce. (Places hand on back of chair near Agnes.) You know the rest, Miss Agnes. Now let's talk about something more interesting. Tell me more of your home life.

Agnes (Confused) Really, Mr. Le Moyne, I'm sure you would be bored to hear of its droning nothingness.

Le M. (Insistently.) I promise you I shall not.

Agnes (Pleadingly.) Now, please, Mr. Le Moyne, tell me something more.

Le M. (Stays his hand from touching her, rises quickly, goes down R. Aside) I thought I had conquered myself, and here am I fighting the battle over and over again, with the thought of separation almost maddening me into forgetfulness of my vow.

Agnes (Rises with Le Moyne, comes down center.) You are not displeased with me!

Le M. (Takes both her hands in his.) Displeased with you? How could I be? I MUST TELL YOU. (Restrains himself.) That is I—I—wanted (aside) What am I saying? Well, if you won't talk to me (laughing), would you mind singing for me?

Agnes Not at all. I shall be pleased. (Goes up to cabinet; selects music "Cleansing Fire." Plays prelude softly, with orchestra piano accompanying. Song can be sung from the wings if leading lady does not sing, Agnes simulating.)

Le M. (Speaks as she selects music and plays prelude.) Oh, that I might hold her close to my heart and tell her of my love (Sighs, comes down to settee.) Such a heaven is not for me now. In my singleness of purpose lies my strength and power; divert that purpose by selfish love and my power to act for all is weakened. Fool, that I was to think that I was beyond temptation. I must be firm until all is accomplished. (Sits on settee, covers his eyes with one hand, listlessly throws other hand over arm of settee until after the first line of the second verse of song, then listens expressively until close of song.)

Song. Let the gold be cast in the furnace, The red gold, precious and bright,

Do not fear the hungry fire with its caverns of burning light,
And the gold shall return more precious, Free from every spot and stain,
For gold must be tried by fire, For gold must be tried by fire,
For gold must be tried by fire, As the heart must be tried by pain.
In the cleansing fire of sorrow, Cast thy heart, do not faint or wail,
Let thy hand be firm and steady, Do not let thy spirit quail.
But wait 'til the trial is over, And take thy heart again,

Cho. For as gold is tried by fire, For as gold is tried by fire,
For as gold is tried by fire, So the heart must be tried by pain.

Le M. (Rises as she finishes. Speaks as she plays.) In the cleansing fire of sorrow cast thy heart, do not faint or wail.—The song was inspiration. It is a message to me. (He goes to Agnes, stands R. a trifle up stage almost behind her as she finishes playing.) Miss Agnes, I thank you.

Agnes (Turns on piano stool facing audience; her hands fall heavily to her lap; she looks up into Le Moyne's eyes, smiles sadly.)

Holmes (Enters C. D. R. R., followed by Zora, who remains near the door.) Here's a telegram for you, Le Moyne. You can thank me for getting it.

Le M. (Takes dispatch.) How's that?

Holmes I snatched it from the hands of Brainard's chief detective just as he took it from the enquiring messenger.

Agnes (Rises in alarm.) How dreadful!

Le M. Oh, that's nothing, Miss Agnes, I scarcely know what it is to be free from shadowing dectectives.

Agnes But they might kill you.

Le M. There is no danger. We are so well organized that they know my death wouldn't make the slightest difference in the conduct of the world's trusts, but to see that nothing comes from this interference, if you'll excuse me for a moment I'll phone to the operator. (Goes up to C. D., exits as Agnes replies.)

Agnes (Goes close to window, then up R. to conservatory. Plucks flowers from plant. Has left flower on piano keys.) Replies with an assenting nod to Le Moyne.)

Detective (is seen by audience, expressing fear of detection as Agnes comes near.)

Zora (Goes down left to Holmes; speaks aside nervously.) Do you like "Cleansing Fire?"

Holmes I should say not! Water does me.

Zora Did you see the expression on their faces when we poked in like two Indians?

Holmes Looked as if they were going to have an understanding.

Zora (Almost crying with disappointment.) Ugh! I am so angry!

Holmes Ugh! ugh! so am I.

Jos. (At C. D. to Agnes.) Mrs. Temple sent me to ask you and Zora to come to her for a few minutes.

Agnes (Goes to C. D., is followed by Zora.) (to Holmes.) We can be excused?

Holmes Thank you, yes, glad you're going. (Follows them to the door as Dora exits, saucily following Agnes. Holmes goes down R.)

Le M. (Re-enters, goes down L.) It's no use, he has cut the wires.

Holmes I'll go to the Rossmore villa and use their phone.

Le M. It's not necessary, they can't make anything out of the message except that it's a call to New York, and I'll give them the slip there. (Gives message to Holmes, sighs.) (Sits on piano stool.)

Holmes (Reads aloud.) The Grand Master desires your presence here in New York. Please start immediately. Emanual. By Copeland, Secy. By Jove! You ARE the luckiest dog on earth to get this in time to travel with the party, and my friend, when you return, don't bring back any more melancholy sighs. (Sighs dolefully.)

Le M. (Slyly concealing flower that he has picked up from piano keys as Holmes reads.)
I don't understand you, Harvey.

Holmes Well, don't try to then. GREAT GUNS! My boy! This may mean something tremendous for you! With all that lofty tumbling in Wall Street! I wouldn't be surprised if some of those head-liners made you a proposition.

Le M. It's already been made and partly arranged. That is the reason I wired you to take my place on the journal here. This dispatch is a call to settle details with Armstrong. He will head the brokers for us in the stock exchange.

Detective (is seen by audience. Aside) That's worth all the risk.

Holmes Aren't you afraid a further association with him will arouse suspicion?

Le M. No. In the first place the work must necessarily be done in secret. Further, he is investing the bulk of his great fortune in our bonds, but that is the least incentive he has to work for our cause. I learn from our order, of which he has recently become a member, that he has long contemplated an organization of this sort himself; that he was working solely to accumulate for his plans, and that to draw out sooner meant his ruin. Again he felt that the people needed further crowding to the wall before organization could be effected.

Holmes Well, there's one thing sure. He's played the game to the limit. He ought to be able to make it lively for the jungle.

Le M. But the best of it is he works entirely without compensation other than actual expenses. He says the people have already paid him.

Detective (is seen by audience looking jubilant.)

Holmes How about speculation on the side?

Le M. There are none. Either directly or indirectly.

Holmes What's to prevent it?

Le M. Bonds. With forfeiture of position and unwarranted accumulations.

Holmes That's the next step to take against public officials who

speculate away the people's rights. And you are doing all this work for nothing, too.

Le M. For nothing? No, for humanity.

Holmes (suppressing exclamation) Say, old man, put it there. (Extends hand.) It's great, but take it from me, Humanity isn t worth it.

Le M. (Laughing.) But take it from me, it's going to be worth it. I haven't told you. Of course, this is all strictly confidential.

Holmes Strictly.

Detective (seen getting out the window as wind blows curtain out.)

Le M. (Looks cautiously around, sees curtain blowing, rushes to window as detective escapes.)

Holmes (Follows to window, starts to climb out.) There are two of them. Let me get after them.

Le M. (Restrains Holmes.) Let them go. You can't get back the information he has gained. And you will only alarm the ladies. If the wind hadn't blown the curtain, he'd learned something still more important than that. (Locks the window, looks around cautiously.) I was about to tell you of OUR secret service.

Holmes (Goes to C. D., looks out and around cautiously.) You'll need something marvelous to beat them at that game. I begin to think that the walls have ears.

Le M. How could he have gotten in? (Looks perplexed.)

Holmes Search me! He must have followed Miss Van Der Vere and the Dago.

Le M. It can't be helped now. I'll wire the situation to Armstrong; he'll handle it from that end. (Is perplexed.)

Holmes What secret service have you?

Le M. It is headed by a woman of immense wealth as yet known only to Armstrong. Her system for gathering facts is a secret, but Armstrong says she's a wonder.

Holmes Good. A woman with wit will get there while a man is studying about it.

Le M. But the best is yet to come. I have personally bought the Searchlight and shall donate its use to the world's trusts for an official journal.

Holmes What! The Searchlight ! ! ! Oh, I see. Say. YOU ARE ON TO YOUR JOB.

Le M. (Laughing.) I began to think so when Brainard called off our arrest.

Holmes Oh, that was the how of it.

Le M. (Laughing.) All I had to do was to spring it on him.

Holmes (Laughing.) There's nothing like a daily paper, unless it's another daily paper. It beats a gun boat all to smash.

Le M. (Laughing.) We shall rechristen the journal The Greater New York Daily. I shall take permanent charge of it immediately. You will remain here until I find some one to replace you, then you shall return to New York and be co-editor with me. Your pay will be a half interest in the journal.

Holmes (Affected.) I cannot find words to thank you. This will fix the day of my wedding.

Le M. You have earned the position, my boy, and you have my best wishes.

Holmes (Affectionately.) And you have mine.

Le M. I know it. And I certainly shall need them, for Wall Street has its teeth and claws whetted ready to fasten upon me.

Holmes The old grizzlies. Their tracks are plain enough to me in their newspaper paragraphing. You may be white as snow compared to their morals, but you will do well if you escape their jobbery.

Le M. (Earnestly and sadly.) Harvey, my boy, I have just realized how weak we mortals are, and I don't want to make any vain boast. But I have given myself up to this work, body and soul, let the consequences be what they may.
(Places hand on Holmes' shoulder affectionately.)

Dr. M. (Enters C. D. Is distraut. Walks into Holmes and Le Moyne.) I beg your pardons.

Holmes (Laughing.) Would you like to have us removed?

Le M. (Laughing.) What's the matter, Doctor?

Dr. M. (Stands center, looking first at Le Moyne and then Holmes in a dazed way.) Were you ever in love?

Le M. (Expresses sorrow.)

Holmes He's got 'em.

Dr. M. No, I haven't got 'em. I don't know how to get 'em. Did you ever propose to a WOMAN?

Holmes Well, I should REMARK!

Dr. M. How did you do it?

Holmes Now that's coming close, but I'll tell you, Doctor, what might work best in your case. Just take the proposition by storm. Say—Madam! It has come to this! Will you marry me? Just say yes or no.

Dr. M. (Startled.) But suppose she should say no.

Holmes Argue the case. Don't leave it. Stay with it 'til you win. (Goes with Dr. Martin to C. D.)

Dr. M. (Determinedly.) I'll do it. (As he reaches the C. D. repeats) Madam!

(Mrs. T. appears at C. D., followed by Agnes and Zora.)

Dr. M. (Looks hopelessly at Holmes and rushes off R. H., exclaiming) It's all off again.

Le M. (Has crossed R. of C.)

Mrs. T. and Agnes join Le Moyne. Agnes and Le Moyne smile significantly. Mrs. T. looks annoyed and speaks to Le Moyne questioningly.)

Zora (Goes down L., preceding Holmes. Speaks at Doctor's exit.) On again.

Holmes (Reprovingly.) See here, young lady, where are you getting all that vernacular?

Zora From association.

Holmes You mean me, I suppose?

Zora That is what Mrs. Temple says.

Holmes I'll reform, at once. (Turns to Mrs. Temple and Agnes.) I say, fellows! Has Le Moyne told you that he goes to New York in the morning?

Mrs. T. Isn't that fine? You'll join us in our private car?

Le M. (Looking at Agnes.) Thanks, if agreeable to all.

Agnes (Conventionally.) We shall all enjoy having you with us, I'm sure.

Zora It's just the thing. I was thinking how awfully dull we were going to be shut up in that car all alone by ourselves after the good time we've been having here.

Holmes (Dolefully.) Just think how dull it's going to be for me, left an orphan out here all alone by myself.

Zora (Looks sympathetic.)

Le M. (Laughing.) Now, Miss Zora, don't you begin to commiserate him. I'll guarantee that he won't have a moment's time to get lonesome.

Holmes Oh, you will! Come on, let's break away. (Aside to Zora, as he starts to go.) Come on out. I've got something to tell you.

Le M. (Who starts first to go, turns at C. D.)

Mrs. T. Then it's all settled, Mr. Le Moyne?

Le M. Yes, Harvey can look after your going and I will meet you at the train. Good night, everybody. (Looks at Agnes.)

Mrs. T. (Joining him at C. D.) I'll go with you as far as the gate. A breath of fresh air will do me good.

Le M. (Laughing, offers her his arm.) Yes, come. Perhaps we can find out what has become of that poor doctor.

Mrs. T. (Strikes him playfully with her fan.)

Le M. (Speaks tenderly.) Good night, Miss Agnes. (Exits with Mrs. T. C. D. R. H.)

Agnes (Smiles sadly.) Good night.

Music (Is pianissimo until end of act.)

Holmes (With his arm about Zora, exits with her, following Le Moyne and Mrs. Temple.) Good night, Agnes.

Agnes (Smiles a sad good night to Holmes. She stands in bas relief against the dark green draperies, holding portiere back with her right hand and looking after them.) How happy they are in each other's love, while I—worship—Unsought. PICTURE.

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

Two years have elapsed between events of the second and third acts. Curtain rises on exterior drop: A dense fog through which are seen tug boats or their smoke stacks and decks near the shore of the river, and beyond in the distance stand forth in monumental splendor the tall lighted buildings in lower New York.

Business. Fog horns, whistles, road traffic, etc., are heard mingling with sounds of loud mob in the distance and the cries of newsboys. The mob noise swelling and decreasing alternately in order to allow substance of various news cries to be heard and understood by the audience.

Jones (First newsboy.) Extry! All about Mrs. Reade's grand reception in Washington and the noted people there!

Lee (Second crier.) Extry! All about the veto of the funding bill!

Smith (Third newsboy.) Extry! All about the veto of the infamous funding bill!

Jones Extry! All about Mrs. Reade's grand reception in Washington and the noted people there.

Piper (Excitedly, in strong, clear voice.) Extry ! ! ! All about the panic in Wall Street. Thousands lined up at the banks for their money! (Repeat.)

Jones Extry! All about Mrs. Reade's grand reception in Washington and the noted people there!

Smith Extry! All about the veto of the infamous funding bill!

All (Together, excitedly, but plainly.) EXTRY! ALL ABOUT BRAINARD'S STROKE OF APOPLEXY AND THE UPHEAVAL IN WALL STREET! (Repeat.)

Barret (Master Mechanic.) Business of shrieks, fog horns, whistles, bells, mob, drown cries of news, receding and decreasing at rise of exterior drop.)

INTERIOR.

Quadruple setting of editorial rooms of The Greater New York Daily. Two departments below, two departments above on balcony commencing at 3. E. and extending across the stage at rear. Large general editorial room R. H. ⅜ wide by full depth of stage. String of linotypes with men at work is painted on canvas and seen at rear of R. H. setting through wide open door. Door opening in has card, or painted on simulated glass: "General Editorial Room."

Setting for General Editorial Room. Sectional book case against R. H. wall, long narrow table against L. H. wall, with empty mail bags underneath table and a stack of exchanges folded and in wrappers, shears and paste pot on table. A chair at each end of table. Flat top desk and chair in front of table. Small heavy table in center, over which is fixed pneumatic tubes standing perpendicular, presumably from a floor above. Flat top desk with chair in front R. 1. E. Flat top desk center in line with R. 1. E. with chair in front of it and typewriter on top. Nearly all desks have typewriters and phones on them. Card "City Editor" over desk R. 1. E. Card with Sunday Editor over desk L. 1. E. As many flat top desks, chairs, typewriters, phones, as space will allow. All desks are set so that editors are facing up stage or turned two-thirds away from audience. A bench for boys near center table for pneumatic tubes. Cards, maps, pictures and calendars with 19— and

corner turned down or covered tacked on the walls. Plenty of writing material and papers on desks, litter about on floor. Waste baskets, etc., green shaded droplights wherever practicable. Hat stand.

Setting for chief editorial room. Room is 2/4 square. Door R. in rear flat, sliding panel left in rear flat, brick passage set at rear of sliding panel. Large window with large lower simulated pane of glass and with small fancy panes above: Two panes must be of real glass to break. Window is set L. 2. E. Book case against R. H. partition. Partition of simulated glass panels extends up about eight feet. Picture of Abraham Lincoln draped with American flag on rear wall center facing audience. Calendar, map, etc., on wall wherever space. Flat top desk with revolving chair at rear facing audience set center on a line with L. 2. E. Phone and writing material, etc., on desk. Stock ticker, ribbon and basket set L. and close to desk. Telegraph pad, push button, green shaded drop lights on desk. Reading table with files of papers, etc., on it set against rear flat center. Typewriting desk and chair with phone and adjustable head receiver, typewriter with large roll of paper inserted ready for use set L. 1. E. Largest size globe set down L. H. corner. Hat stand L. H. corner.

Second chief editorial room set on balcony rear of first chief editorial room. Is set with railing desk, chair, etc. Is separated from press dispatchers room only by railing. Press dispatcher's room is set with tables on which are typewriters and telegraphic instruments, receiving instruments are set about two feet high on tables surrounded by sound protectors. Railing crosses the front as in second chief's room. Tables with papers, etc., are seen. Rolls of paper are in typewriters. All tables are set so that dispatchers have their backs to audience.

BUSINESS.

Noise of mob, cries of newsboys, traffic, etc., continuous throughout entire act; subdued and heard faintly as if in the distance whenever speaking is to be heard by audience, increased whenever door or window is opened, and decreased quickly at every close of door or window.

Master mechanic is stationed L. 2. E., operating phones, stock ticker, etc., from cues direct from actors.

Superintendent of dispatchers also takes cues direct from actors.

DISCOVERED.

Everybody on the stage is busy. Typewriters are clicking, telegraph instruments are heard, phones are ringing or being answered by editors, editors are consulting, or calling for boys to carry copy, boy is coming in carrying galley to editor down in front, boy is receiving copy and transmitting through pneumatic tube, exchange readers are clipping or reading or pasting copy, etc., etc., etc. Compositor, dirt begrimed, sleeves rolled up, short apron with pockets, hung around neck. Enters with galley, talks to Sunday editor, exits rear entrance.)

Every chair in general editorial room and press dispatchers' room on balcony except chair before lower center desk is occupied by reporters and editors, boys, when seated, occupy bench around table under pneumatic tube. All lady editors are seen at rear. All editors in general editorial room sit with their backs to audience.

Holmes (Is discovered seated at his desk in balcony L. H. room, is in shirt sleeves.)

Le M. Is at desk in private editorial room L., writing continuously when speaking or listening, and only stops when otherwise mechanically engaged.

Charley Wright enters, takes copy from Le Moyne's desk, exits door R. in flat.

Mob (Noise is increased as door opens, decreased at is closes.)

Le M. (During noise reads quotation from ribbon which is running off, excitedly, from stock ticker.)

Newsboys (All together, excitedly.) Extry! All about Brainard's stroke of apoplexy.

News Extry! All about the mob in lower Broadway!

Jones Extry! All about Brainard's stroke of apoplexy!

Robey (Enters open door after Charley. Takes off coat and hat, wipes inside of hat with handkerchief before hanging it with his coat on rack.)

Charley (Exits closing door.)

Mob (sounds and news cries are heard only faintly.)

Robey (Wiping face with handkerchief.) Whew! what a time I've had getting through that shivering mass of people. Can I take here?

Le M. (Writing.) Go ahead. Is there much fog?

Robey You could almost cut it with a knife. The moan of those fog horns just got on my nerves.

Le M. Did you bring in much?

Robey A whole bunch of stuff. Gave it to my pal to edit. Only had time to jot down. Shrieks and curses just filled the air. Brokers rushed about hatless and wild eyed! Clothes torn half off! Fighting every inch of their way to the exchange. This beats anything in history yet!

Le M. It beats war and confiscation!

Robey The people are on all right!

Jones (Faintly in the distance but distinctly above mob sounds.) EXTRY! All about Brainard's stroke of apoplexy!

Robey Brainard's stroke was a last blow to the tigers.

Taylor (Master mechanic. Rings phone at Robey's desk.)

Robey (Sits at desk and hurriedly adjusts head receiver. Speaks through phone.) Hello! HELLO! You'll have to speak slow and loud; there's a howling mob down below. (Receives and types rapidly.)

Taylor (Rings phone at City Editor's desk.)

City E. (Takes phone, answers.) Hello!—Just sent it in.

Holmes (To Bradley. From balcony. Throws down copy.) Bradley, is this your copy?

Bradley (Bradley is sitting in chair at desk left front. Nods assent.)

Holmes Did you ever spiel for a side show? (Retires back and exits.)

Bradley (Looks over copy Boys laugh.)

Reporter (Rushes in with notes, sits in chair before lower center desk. Types copy hurriedly.)

Robey (Through phone.) All right! I got that. Wait a minute. Great Scott! What do you think of this from Washington? (Reads mechanically word by word from roll of

paper in type writer.) The bell boy who found Brainard lying insensible on the floor in his room in the hotel, saw fragments of a clever article, evidently intended for the press. The head lines were underscored and read as follows: SPECIAL SESSION IN WHICH THE BILL PROVIDING A FUND FOR GOVERNMENT PURCHASE OF PUBLIC UTILITIES WAS PASSED BY A LARGE MAJORITY OVER THE PRESIDENT'S VETO! (To Le Moyne.) What do you think of that?

Le M. (Sadly.) He dies hard. Poor fellow, how he must have suffered in his defeat.

Jones (And mob faintly.) Extry! All about the mob in lower Broadway!

Robey (Continuing.) Senator Eidlong and several prominent Congressmen were in the hotel discussing the expensive lobbying maintained throughout the session; Mrs. Reade's return to the social world; the brilliancy of her weekly receptions which usually brought together the highest officials and financiers——

Charley (Rushes in with matter which he gives to Le Moyne. Door stands open.)

Mob (Noise of mob, telegraph dispatchers' phones ringing, stock ticker running off ribbon excitedly.

News (Cry out together excitedly) Extry! All about the riot in the stock exchange!

Jones Extry! All about the riot in the stock exchange. Police unable to quell the riot.

Le M. (Hurriedly writes dispatch and gives to boy, motioning him to hurry.)

Charley (Exits, closing door on noises. Everything must be quiet during the following.)

Robey (Who has been busy typing.) Catch this, Mr. Le Moyne. (Reads from roll.) IT IS NOW THOROUGHLY UNDERSTOOD THAT THE FUNDING BILL WAS THE RESULT OF AN INFAMOUS PLOT OF BANKRUPT TRUSTS TO FOIST GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP OF DEPRECIATED PROPERTIES UPON THE PEOPLE AT THEIR FORMER INFLATED VALUATION. THESE PROPERTIES WERE THE FIRST THROWN ON THE MARKET AND ARE NOW SELLING AT AN AVERAGE OF EIGHTEEN CENTS ON THE DOLLAR. THUS PARALLEL MANAGEMENT OF THE TOILING VICTIMS OF THESE TRUSTS HAS COMPELLED RESTITUTION, DOLLAR FOR DOLLAR AT THE SAME DEPRECIATED PRICES AT WHICH THEIR PROPERTIES WERE WRESTED FROM THEM THROUGH PERIODICAL PANICS.

Taylor (Rings bell at Robey's phone.)

Charley (Enters.)

Bus. (Mob, typewriters, etc., as Charley enters.)

Robey (Tears typed matter from roll, gives to Charley. Speaks through phone.)

News All about the mad riot in the stock exchange. Police unable to quell the rioters.

Charley (Takes copy from Robey and from Le Moyne and exits closing door. Subdued noise.)

Taylor (Rings bell at Le Moyne's phone.) (The following must be heard distinctly.)

Le M. (Takes receiver.) Hello! HELLO! Who's this? Oh, is that you, Armstrong?—Why yes, of course, you're managing that part of it.—What's that?—That is all right. When our reserve is gone, draw sight drafts on the Grand Master. I'll wire right away for all surplusages.——NO. —NO! NO! We can't afford to let anything get away from us at the present figures—What's that?—CATACLYSM! Yes, I should say. Supplied by the water running out of stocks.—eh?—Yes, that's right. (Laughs.) —I'm rushed too. Good bye. (Pushes electric button on desk. Takes dispatch blank, writes rapidly.)

Charley (Enters. Takes dispatch from Le Moyne, who motions him away hurriedly. Exits.)

Bus. (Of mob, news, etc., repeated as door is open.) (Stock ticker, dispatchers active.)

Robey Here's something rich, Mr. Le Moyne.

Le M. (Writing. Nods his head assentingly.) Reads ribbon from stock ticker as it runs.)

Taylor (Rings Robey's phone. Building is attacked.)

Robey (Listening.)—What's that?—What?—Neat hold up of an absconding banker by a determined depositor, is that right?—Yes, I got that, wait a minute. (Starts to read typed matter again.) Taylor rings phone on Le Moyne's desk.

Le M. (Takes receiver.) Yes, Mrs. Reade.

Robey (Through phone.) Hello, Jim. Switch off on to A. Good bye. (Tears off copy, Exits.)

Bus. (Of mob, etc., as Robey exits.)

Jones Extry! All about the riot. Speculators wild with rage, like cattle in a stampede.

Piper Extry! All about Brainard failing. (Noise is subdued.)

Le M. (Through phone.) Yes, I guess it was his last expiring effort—No, no, Mrs. Reade. There's no reason why you should feel uneasy. Your secret service here and in Washington was as necessary as any other part of the work. It was that phonograph record of their voices that won the veto for the people. Yes, our men gave them a hot contest both in the house and senate, but they couldn't beat cash. Senator Garrick alone cashed in several millions.—No, all their securities were hypothecated and were sold to cover.——What's that?

Bus. (Attack on building heard as if far below.)

Le M. No, Armstrong tried to help them for old time's sake, but it was no use.

Bus. (Attack on building louder. Mob noise increases slightly, then is subdued again. News cries are faintly heard. Etc.

Le M. What's that? Yes, Armstrong has fairly surpassed himself in the last two years—They'll have to start even with the rest of us, that's all—But its nothing compared to the ruin of the millions THEY victimized.

Bus. (Repeated.) (Attack grows louder, editors startled.)

Le M. What's that?—Say it again. There's such a confusion of sounds.—Oh, my scalp! Don't worry, I'll get busy about that time myself. Well, we can't die but once. I will. Good bye. (Hangs receiver. Rises nervously and walks

down R. Places hand on rim of globe. Draws his left hand across his forehead and temple expressing deepest thought.) And now the mind that would outstrip the purpose of the Creator lies palsied in its greatest strain. (Sighs, moves his head negatively with lips firmly closed.) There is only one way to eternal power, and that is God's way. Poor, helpless mass. I WISH that I could help him.

Tim (Enters.)

Bus. (of mob, news cries, attack on building, etc., repeated, until door is closed.)

Tim Misther Le Moyne. Here's a note came in through a vintilator wrapped around a stone.

Le M. (Takes note.) Thank you, Tim.

Tim (Awkwardly standing, twirling his hat.) Sure, Mr. Le Moyn, I barrud the iron dures and windies when I heerd thim crazy speculators were after yez, but begorry, the bunch of thim have gone ravin mad. And unless the police scathers thim, it's harrud wurrek I'll be after havin' gettin ye out of the building alive.

Le M. Have no fear, Tim. (Speaks affectionately.)

Tim Fear is it? Divil a bit for mesilf. Sure if there's any fighting ye can count on me for the last drop of blood in me body.

Le M. Thank you, Tim. I hope it will not come to that.

Tim I'm not after fighting thim crazy divils meself, but you mark me word, they'll be up furninst it if they dynamite me dures.

Le M. Why, what have you done?

Tim Sure all thim illevators are up at the top of the building, and I have the young automatic firing gun at the head of the stairs all ready for the first bunch that lands inside.

Le M. (Taking Tim affectionately by the hand.) It'll not be needed, Tim. But surely if there's any fighting to be done, I'll not forget your brave offer. But this is a war of money. The battle has been fought to the bitter end, the people have won. I thank you, Tim, and I shall not forget your loyalty.

Tim (Exits, saying aside.) Sure Tim McCarthy has the electric wire already to touch off the gun just the same.

Bus. (of mob, noise, news cries, attacks on building repeated louder. All editors rush out.)

Jones Extry! All about the second stroke of apoplexy.

Piper Extry! Second stroke of apoplexy proves fatal.

Jones Extry! All about the mob of speculators rushing the police.

Le M. (Reading, as door is closed.) "Your life is to pay the forfeit of your daring." A friend. (Tosses note in waste basket, returns to desk, resumes pen.)

Bus. of attack on building, etc., becomes more frequent. Noise of mob etc., rushes in as Holmes enters.

Holmes (Rushes in at door, shouting above the din.) Le Moyne. Don't you know that there is a mob of infuriated speculators below clamoring for your life?

Le M. Well, Harvey, my boy, I'll try to do my part if they break in.

Holmes Man alive, you don't stand a fighting chance. Think of Agnes. She is ill. The shock of your death would kill her.

Le M. Ill? Why I thought she was the reigning belle of the season.

Holmes So she was. But she sought excitement only to assuage the pain at her heart. She loves you. Every one attributes her decline to the cold she took at the Ashly ball, but she is dying only for lack of DESIRE TO LIVE. Zora and I have known her secret ever since we returned from our wedding trip. It was she who named our boy Daniel Le Moyne after you, and were you to see her with him clasped in her arms, you would think an angel had wandered out of heaven to care for the babe. Day by day she has grown more fragile, until now she is wasting away like a flower that is deprived of the sunshine.

Le M. (With his head bowed as Holmes speaks.) Poor child. And I thought she was soon to be married, and was happy.

Holmes Only a newspaper sensation made you think that.

Bus. Heavy crash of bldg.

Holmes (Rushes to window. Noise slightly increased, Holmes shouts.) Le Moyne! For God's sake, do something. Save yourself. There's not a second to be lost! Look down there at that mass of upturned faces!

Le M. (Goes to window, looks down.)

Bus. (A shot breaks small pane of glass just above Le Moyne's head.)

Holmes (Draws down the window.) Gad, that as a close call!

Taylor (Rings Le Moyne's phone. Vigorously.)

Bus. and heavy crash on building.)

Le M. (Looking out at window.) What is that coming in from the east side and over there west of Broadway. (Answers ring at phone, shaking broken glass from shoulder.)

Holmes (Again throws up window excitedly.) Mob noise swells into a roar. Holmes waves his hand mad with joy and shouts.) It's a mob of the people. Come here, Le Moyne! Your enemies are now at the mercy of your friends who are tearing down upon them like mad. Oh! They aren't doing a thing to 'em! My! But the tigers are game. But the people are IT! (Pulls down window at a signal from Le Moyne. Rushes to him, throws his arms around his neck weeping for joy.) Old man, you've won!

Le M. (Through phone.) Yes, this is Le Moyne.

Holmes (Excitedly.) Why do you locate yourself for them to find you.

Le M. Keep still, it's Mrs. Temple.

Holmes (Frantic.) It's a decoy. (Pleads.) Don't take any chances now when the worst is over. Remember how Lincoln was killed. Come! look! (Tries to draw Le Moyne to window.)

Le M. No. Wait. Listen for yourself. You can hear her voice distinctly. (Through phone.) I'll be there in less than an hour!

Holmes You'll be there in less than an hour! You'll never get beyond the outside door.

Le M. Hush. They fear that Agnes is dying.

Bus. (Loud attack on building. A shot breaks another pane of glass.)

Holmes You see what you have to face!

Le M. (Touches spring in panel, it glides back, disclosing set brick passage.) You have forgotten in your excitement I had this made to beat the detectives. All attention is centered on the front of the building. There is little danger this way. But, Harvey. My more than friend—if anything SHOULD happen to prevent my reaching Agnes before she—is—called—away—convey a message to her by phone. Tell her—that my whole soul has gone out to her. That my desire for her companionship and love has at times left me with an indescribable sense of desolation—That there have been moments when I could hardly resist the temptation to go to her and tell her of my love. I cannot wait to say more—Good bye, my boy, God bless and keep you. (Takes hat from rack L. H., starts to go, stands with Holmes listening to loud muffled explosion. Holmes rushes to window. Raises it.)

Bus. (Explosion in the distance and increased mob noise, etc., etc., etc.)

CURTAIN.

ACT. IV.

Boudoir setting same as in prolog. Newspaper and dainty bible are placed on couch.

BUSINESS.

Before rise of curtain and after as per cues, the various voices cry out the news as heard in streets around private residence quarters.)

Lee — Extry! All about the mob war.

Smith — Extry! All about the riot in the stock exchange and financial revolution.

Lee — Extry! All about the financial revolution!

News — POIPER! (Church bells and whistles are heard, men whistle for papers. All is repeated in the distance in alternation, gradually diminishing as curtain rises, but continuing as per cues.)

Agnes — (Is discovered lying on couch. Has bible in her hand, is listening to the new cries.)

Music — (Pianissimo, with French horn in orchestra until cue for discontinuing.)

Agnes — (As the news cries grow fainter Agnes reads from the bible:) And in the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up another kingdom which shall never be destroyed. And the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms and shall stand forever. For as much as thou sawest that the stone was cut out of the mountains without hands and that it brake in pieces the iron, the brass, the clay, the silver and the gold, the great God hath made known to the king what shall come to pass hereafter. And the dream is certain and the interpretation thereof sure.

Smith — (Faintly in the distance but distinctly.) Extry! All about the riot and destruction in the stock exchange!

Agnes — (Listens intently and repeats slowly.) And in the days of these—MONEY—kings shall the God of heaven set up another kingdom which shall never be destroyed!

Lee — (Faintly in the distance but distinctly.) Extry! All about the riot in the stock exchange and the financial revolution!

Agnes — The kingdom of the people wherein the Christ spirit shall reign forever. Unselfishness, the corner stone—that was cut out of the mountains without hands. (Listens.)

Lee — (Nearer.) Extry! All about the riot in the stock exchange and the mob war!

Agnes — (Listens then repeats impressively and slowly.) Shall break in pieces the iron, the brass, the clay, the silver and the gold—MONOPOLIES—It shall break in pieces and consume—ABSORB—all these kingdoms—and shall stand forever.—A KINGDOM OF BROTHERLY LOVE. Wherein the oath of allegiance shall be: THOU SHALT LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THY SELF.

Lee — Extry! All about the riot in the stock exchange!

Agnes — (Listening.) And the dream is certain and the interpretation thereof sure. (Rests, then picks up newspaper, reading as newsboys are heard in the distance.)

Smith — Extry! All about the mob war! Militia called out!

All — Extry! All about the mob war! Speculators like cattle in a stampede! Mounted police unable to quell the rioters! Militia called out!

Lee — Extry! All about the militia and mounted police!

News — (Is repeated alternating the voices. Receding and growing fainter.)

Agnes — (Glancing from the journal.) His words. How gentle and charitable. And now, in the hour of his triumph, they breathe only the spirit of love and justice to all. They tell me, how despite the storms that have raged about him, that there is only peace within. May his light and strength come to me as I walk in the valley —of the shadow—of—death. (She sinks her head in the pillow exhausted.)

Mrs. T. — (Enters L. 3 E. Cautiously approaches bed. Speaks softly.) Agnes, Darling.

Agnes — (Opens her eyes, speaks faintly.) Yes, Aunt Lucy.

Mrs. T. — Agnes, I have something good to tell you. Can you bear it, dearest, without exciting yourself? Try to be calm.

Agnes — (Brightening.) Yes, yes, aunty, I know. He is here. Father came to me again in my sleep and told me all. How he has sacrificed his love for me, on the altar of love for all. I am glad he has come, for now I want to tell him I am willing to give as freely as he. Even—my—life.

Mrs T. — No, no, Agnes, you shall not leave us. He has come to make you WANT to live. He sent a message of love to you for fear that he might not reach you through the mob. But there, he has come to tell you with his own lips. Summon up your will power, dearest, as you know how so well.

Agnes — Yes, yes, aunty, I'll try.

Mrs. T. — (Exits L. 3 E. Holding drapery back for Le Moyne to enter.)

Le M. — (Enters L. 3 E. Takes position at upper side of couch, facing audience. Kneels and throws his arms about Agnes.) Agnes! Darling! I cannot let you go! I will bring you back with my love!

Agnes — (Smiles and extends her hands as he approaches bedside.) I am so happy to know that you love me.

Le M. — Love you, darling, I have worshipped you. Almost forgetting that there was a God, save in you. In all my trials your pure spirit has shone before me like a guiding star, leading me on and making my burdens lighter. Oh, God, have I been working under a mistaken sense of duty? Let this cup of bitterness pass. Save, oh, save her! Father, I implore!

Agnes — (Tenderly.) Do not grieve for me, dear heart, it is better so. Precious as your love is to me, I am willing to go. You will come bye and bye and our souls will still be united as they have been ever since we first met.

Le M. — (With a tinge of bitterness in his words.) And yet no word or hint has ever come to me of this great sacrifice, and I am to blame for all your unhappiness. (Bows his head).

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Agnes (Lays her hand lovingly on his head.) No dear one, no. It was so ordered. Reparation for my father's sins was demanded of him in the life beyond, even the sacrifice of the one he loved so well. So, dear heart, do not think that you have been the cause of shortening my life here. The Father has willed it. (Closes her eyes.)

Le M. (Gently removes her hand from his head.) Her hand is cold! (Closes his teeth over his under lip to restrain himself. Looks at her face. Exclaims in anguish.) Oh God! MUST I see her go like this! YOU HAVE GIVEN ME POWER TO HELP OTHERS, HELP ME, NOW; GRANT ME THIS ONE, LITTLE, LIFE. (Gradually as with supreme effort he bends his head.) THY WILL BE DONE.

Agnes (As he prays, Agnes' eyes open with the old glad light; she joins him in prayer, clasping her hands in meek supplication, then tenderly lays a hand on his bowed head.)

Le M. (Turns to look at her, clasps here in his arms in a frenzy of joy.) Agnes! Come back to me! The Father has not willed that you shall go now! You are to live and enjoy with the world the blessings you have bestowed upon it. It is God's will, my darling! Thank God! My prayer is answered. (Weeps for joy and holds her close to his heart.)

Mrs. T. Enters R. 3 E. Apprehensively.)

Le M. Look, Mrs. Temple, the crisis has passed. Agnes will live. (Lays her on couch.)

Mrs. T. (Puts her arms around Agnes.) Oh, Agnes, my darling, you WILL live. God bless you, Mr. Le Moyne. (Turns and goes weeping.)

Le M. (To Mrs. T.) Dear, faithful heart. I feel that Agnes is spared to us by the grace of Divine love. Henceforth, we will take up our lifework together. (Tenderly strokes her hair.)

Dr. M. (Enters C. D.) How's this?

Mrs. T. (Rushes excitedly to meet him, falls in his arms.) Oh,

Dr. M. (Clasps her tightly, looks at Le Moyne, beamingly.) At last!

Mrs. T. See Doctor, how well your prescription has worked.

Dr. M. (Goes down to Agnes and Le Moyne, takes them both by the hands. Pauses, counts pulse in Agnes' wrist.) I knew that you were our last hope my boy. I congratulate you!

Le M. (Laughing.) And I congratulate you, Doctor. I suppose it is all settled?

Dr. M. I'll settle it right now. (Boldly and comically approaches Mrs. T., with hands behind him under skirt of coat.) Madam! It has come to this. Will you marry me, just say yes or no.

Mrs. T. Of course I will, you dear old innocent. Why didn't you ask me long ago. (Takes him by the lapels of his coat, kisses him.)

Dr. M. (Is startled at first, then pleased, then turns the other cheek.)

Mrs. T. (Playfully shakes him by the lapels of his coat.)

Zora (Enters C. D., carrying baby six months old or more.

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Is followed by a nurse in nurse's attire.) Oh, Agnes, I just couldn't stay away and I brought little Daniel Le Moyne to cheer you. (Takes baby down to Agnes and Le Moyne who fondle it.)

All (Gather around the couch.)

Dr. M. (Takes the baby away from Agnes and goes left with Mrs. T.) She has big Daniel Le Moyne to cheer her now, we'll keep the baby.

Jos. (Enters C. D.) Mrs. Temple, Mr. Holmes has called for you again at the phone. (Sees Agnes. Goes to couch, falls on her knees, kisses Agnes' hand.) My little girl

Agnes Dear old nursie, I'm going to get well.

Jos. (Retires up near C. D.)

Le M. (To Mrs. T.) Has he phoned before?

Mrs. T. (Gives baby to Zora or nurse who exits with it.) (To T. Near C. D.) Yes, your message to Agnes. [illegible] said that if you reached here, to tell you that the mounted police and militia together had succeeded in dispersing the mob. That martial law had been declared. And that most of the leading combatants on both sides had been imprisoned. He said to tell you that the force was all at work in the office, and for you to remain here until he summoned you.

Le M. (Smiling.) My work is about finished, and for the present my pleasing duty lies here. Come, let us answer the phone together. (Goes to C. D.)

Music ("Wedding March", Pianissimo) increasing then decreasing.

Dr. M. Yes, everybody out now. My patient must have some sleep. (Is preparing a powder from his pocket medicine case ready to give to Agnes.)

All (Exit except Le M., who after going to C. D., returns and clasps Agnes in his arms.)

Dr. M. (Turns from table with powder to give to Agnes. Looks over his glasses at them).

QUICK DARK STAGE.

Music ("The Wedding March" is played on church organ fortissimo at first, decreasing to pianissimo as red light is turned on through the fire place, continuing softly throughout the acting tableaux, then increasing to fortissimo as curtain descends.

Le M. and Dr. M. exit during dark stage.

Agnes (Is discovered asleep as red light is turned on, in the some position as when at end of prolog. Has envelope containing bond subscription in her hand. Awakens at the sound of a falling log in the grate which shoots forth a flame of light that plays upon her face and form. A smile is playing about her lips. She looks radiantly happy, but surprised. Rises to a sitting position; glances around the room as if to assure herself of the reality; looks at bond subscription, sighs, the happy smile still playing around her lips.

CURTAIN.

END OF PLAY.

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